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EMILY,

A MORAL TALE,

INCLUDING

LETTERS

FROM

A FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER,

UPON THE

MOST IMPORTANT SUBJECTS.

By the Rev. HENRY KETT,

FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD,
AND AUTHOR OF THE ELEMENTS OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE, &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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EMILY.

LETTER XII.

COLONEL LORTON TO HIS DAUGHTER.

ON SCANDAL.

From the moſt careful obſervations I have been able to make, I am inclined to think that the propenſity to tell a ſtory to the diſadvantage of another perſon, or what is generally called *Scandal*, is as common to men as it is to women, and therefore your ſex are unjuſtly accuſed of being more prone to

it than our's. I do not think however that this inclination either in men or women ariſes more from ſpleen or ill nature, than a want of ſome other ſubject of converſation, or from a ſuppoſition that it is agreeable to thoſe with whom they are converſing: for we frequently find perſons taking a great pleaſure in reporting tales concerning thoſe who have done nothing to offend them, and are ſo far removed from them by rank in life or diſtance of place, that they are very unlikely to be the objects of their envy.

Some perſons may flatter themſelves they can build their own fame upon the ruin of that of others; and may think their own good qualities will ſhine with ſuperior luſtre, if thoſe of their friends are thrown into the ſhade. This kind of artifice does not always gain its end. If Miſs A—, for example, deſcribes any one of her neighbours as ill natured, vain, or cenſorious; if ſhe aſſerts that ſhe ſings badly, dances ungracefully, and looks horribly, it is very clear *who* is to be regarded

regarded as the model of all poſſible perfection; and that ſhe wiſhes to degrade her neighbour for the ſake of exalting herſelf.

You will ſometimes meet with thoſe who have a peculiarly artful manner of relating a ſtory, with a view of ſaving themſelves from being thought cenſorious. They preface their narratives with aſſuring you, "they only relate what they have heard; but they will not venture to pledge themſelves for the truth of what they are going to ſay." Then they proceed by their tone of voice, innuendoes, and laughing, to ſhow you, as plainly as poſſible, their opinion of the caſe, and what impreſſion they are anxious to make upon your mind. There is too a mode of contradicting a ſtory, which may ſerve to confirm it—a mode well known, and ſucceſsfully practiſed by many a *Mrs. Candor* you may chance to meet with. She aſſerts, indeed, ſhe does not credit a word of the affair; but ſhe may ſpeak in ſuch an ironical manner, as to convince the whole company ſhe wiſhes every ſyllable of it to be believed.

This may be called Scandal by *implication*; when "more is meant than meets the ear." It may be true, that thoſe who communicate a ſtory in this manner, may not be the inventors of it; but if they circulate it from malevolent motives, they are ſurely as culpable as if they were ſo. The *intention* conſtitutes the offence; or elſe there would be no juſtice in the law which enacts, that the man who circulates a bank note, well knowing it to be bad, is as guilty as he who forged it.

If I proceed to a farther deſcription of thoſe, whoſe chief delight conſiſts in the wanton exerciſe of their tongue, for the unfeeling purpoſes of calumny and detraction, you muſt not attribute my attempt to my own indulgence of ſuch a practice, but rather to my wiſh to put you upon your guard, and to prevent you from being blinded by their plauſibility, and deceived by their arts.

The tale-bearers who are prompted by ill-nature to miſrepreſent the conduct of others, make the worſt poſſible uſe of thoſe figures of rhetoric which conſiſt in omitting ſome circum-

circumſtances, adding others, and in ſwelling trifles into ſubjects of the greateſt importance. The miſchief they may produce in ſociety is incalculable. They cauſe coldneſs, and even hatred, to take place among friends; they inflame ſuſpicion into jealouſy, diſlike into malice, and averſion into revenge. Such are the buſy-bodies, who, by the whiſpers of inſinuation, and the peſtilent breath of ſlander, alienate brother from brother, and eſtrange the affections of the wife from the huſband: and they have been known to produce effects more injurious than theſe—even to raiſe the arm of the duelliſt to ſhed the blood of his friend—perhaps of his benefactor. Such perverters of the gift of ſpeech ought to be the outcaſts of ſociety; and yet they are too often admitted, and welcomed into its boſom, becauſe they are pleaſant companions. If, however, our anxiety for the characters and feelings of others do not induce us to keep them at a diſtance, we may at leaſt have ſome regard for ourſelves; for while we are liſtening to their plauſible tales,

we may be aſſured, that we are marked out as the prey of their garrulity. Our abſence only is requiſite to make us the ſport of their tongues: we ſhall ſuffer by the ſame fate, to which others in our hearing have been condemned: and can our puniſhment be undeſerved, if we have cordially joined in the laugh of approbation, and aſſiſted in ſwelling the triumph of malevolence over innocence and merit?

Be aſſured, that a pure and unſullied reputation is one of the greateſt bleſſings a mortal can enjoy. The continuation of it to future ages, which conſtitutes fame or glory, is the greateſt reward of valor, genius, and patriotiſm. It was for This a Chatham counſelled, and for This a Nelſon fought and died. In private life, it gives ſplendor to every rank of ſociety: it is the pride of the rich man, and is more precious than all his treaſures: it may be the only poſſeſſion of the poor, and ſhould he preſerve *this*, he is not likely to remain long in a ſtate of indigence, and he can never be an object of contempt.

A good

A good man values his character, not only as the reward of his paſt actions, but as the earneſt of his future ſucceſs. So deſervedly high does it ſtand, that it is held dearer than life itſelf; and moſt degraded is the ſtate of that perſon who has loſt his character—degraded indeed beyond all power of recovery. The ſpecks of dirt upon the pureſt ſnow are the lively emblems of ſtains upon our reputation; but recollect, that ſuch ſtains are far more fixed and indelible.

——————— Good name in man or woman,
Is the immediate jewel of their ſouls:—
Who ſteals my purſe ſteals traſh, 'tis ſomething, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been ſlave to thouſands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.———————

SHAKESPEARE's Othello.

The faculty of ſpeech was given to us for the moſt benevolent ends, for our mutual improvement and rational pleaſure; we ought therefore to

to be careful that we do not abuſe it to the moſt injurious and diſgraceful of all purpoſes, and the moſt oppoſite to the deſigns of its bountiful Giver. How unworthy of the fair ſex is it for their tongues, which can warble the ſweeteſt notes of harmony, to expreſs the harſh language of diſcord, and to taint converſation with the infectious poiſon of ſcandal! How much more innocent, or rather how much more becoming and captivating, is ſilence! If a girl who is very talkative is not upon her guard, the admirers ſhe may flatter herſelf ſhe has fully ſecured will forſake her, and her tongue will deſtroy the triumph of her eyes.

The following old epigram may give a uſeful hint to ſuch a cenſorious babbler.

To DORINDA, *who conſtantly wears a Veil.*

DORINDA, why not more diſcloſe
Thoſe charms thy Damon longs to view,
Thy cheeks that emulate the roſe,
Thy eyes that ſteal from heav'n their blue?

Dorinda,

Dorinda, why with ceaſeleſs railing
Do you conſume the live long day?
While you indulge this odious failing,
Your wearied lover flies away.
Would you his captive ſtate prolong?
Unveil your face, and curb your tongue.

The conſiderations proper to repreſs a diſpoſition to ſcandal cannot fail to have their effect upon every ingenuous mind, and every feeling heart. When inclined to indulge in cenſoriouſneſs, recollect, my Emily, that you are going to employ an engine which may recoil with equal, or perhaps greater, force againſt yourſelf. Scandal is a vice not leſs injurious to man, than ſinful in the ſight of God. We are expreſsly told in Scripture, that "the words of a tale-bearer are as wounds"—that "lying and deceitful lips are an abomination to the Lord"—that "if any man among us ſeem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, that man's religion is vain."

Whenever

Whenever you hear aſperſions caſt upon any one, let them lead you rather to inquire than to judge. It may be very wrong, and certainly is very precipitate, to admit as true what is as likely to be falſe, or at leaſt greatly exaggerated. It is much more prudent, as well as more generous, to take ſome pains to aſcertain a matter of fact, than "to ſit in the ſeat of the ſcornful," and pronounce a deciſive ſentence. Let not indolence repreſs your exertions, nor prepoſſeſſion blind your judgment; but in caſes of importance to the honor of your friends, ſpare not your beſt endeavours to find out the truth.

You may think I place this ſubject in too ſerious and gloomy a point of view; and you may ſay, that in the levity of converſation no ſuch miſchiefs may be likely to ariſe as thoſe which reſult from deliberate ſlander; and that ſtories may be related merely in ſport, and for the ſake of exciting a laugh. But if we raiſe ſuch a laugh againſt the abſent, let us be ſure that we do not add cowardice

ardice to cruelty, by aſperſing thoſe who are not preſent to defend themſelves. And if we are inclined to indulge a laugh at thoſe who are preſent, and expoſe their follies and foibles, let us be very ſelect in the objects of our merriment, and certain that we do not give more pain than we receive pleaſure. Some perſons can "ſpeak daggers, who make uſe of none:" what they ſay in jeſt may be underſtood in earneſt: the ſmart may be felt, the wound may feſter, and one ſevere word may deſtroy tranquillity of mind, and for a long time interrupt the comfort of life.

You ſee then how poignant, how cruel, how injurious that expreſſion may be, which raiſes a bluſh upon the cheek of innocence, and gives a pang to the boſom of virtuous ſenſibility. Even to the bad you ſurely would not wiſh to give pain, unleſs, like a ſkilful ſurgeon, you were confident that, in ſome particular caſes, the only method of curing a diſeaſe is to inflict a wound.

LET-

LETTER XIII.

From the ſame to the ſame.

ON LETTER WRITING.

By your requeſt that I would give you ſome directions upon the ſubject of letter writing, you aſſign to me a taſk, which is comparatively a light one: for it is much eaſier to preſcribe rules, than to follow them. Is it the ſuggeſtion of well or ill founded diffidence, when I expreſs an apprehenſion, that my own letters in many reſpects may be far from deſerving your imitation; for perhaps there are perſons, even if you be more indulgent, who would think that I reſemble the bad authors deſcribed by the poet—

Rules for good writing they with pains indite,
Then ſhew us what is bad, by what they write.

To

To make you however ſome amends for the imperfect execution of your wiſhes, and my own, I ſhall conclude what I intend to ſay upon the ſubject, with ſome ſpecimens of letters that may produce a ſmile, while they ſuggeſt a caution.

Whether ladies excel gentlemen in letter writing, is a queſtion, I am inclined to anſwer in the affirmative. Ladies diſplay a peculiar eaſe of expreſſion, they know how to ſet off every little circumſtance to advantage, and they ſhow ſuch delicacy and ſenſibility, as are peculiarly calculated to carry this employment of the pen to perfection.

In writing letters, ſome of the moſt important points to be attended to are perſpicuity, elegance, and preciſion. It is neceſſary to add, that a regard to method, a ſtrict attention to truth, good humour, and politeneſs, are eſſential to a good letter: without theſe requiſites, your letters cannot anſwer the beſt ends of correſpondence, which are to give information, and communicate pleaſure. Every letter cannot be expected

pected to ſparkle with wit, or to ſtrike with ſolid obſervation: there is however a ſtile at once eaſy and elegant, which conveys the ſpontaneous dictates of the heart, and never ſo completely fixes attention and invites frequent reperuſals, as when it flows from the pen of thoſe of whoſe warm and ſincere attachment we have received the moſt ſatisfactory proofs.

Perſpicuity, or clearneſs, is the prime quality of a good ſtile. If a perſon expreſſes himſelf obſcurely, he ſpeaks or writes almoſt in vain. You can no more underſtand him than you can ſee a face concealed by a veil. Nothing can compenſate for the want of perſpicuity, which far from being merely a freedom from error, is as much a poſitive beauty, as the tranſparent water, through which you behold the pebbles at the bottom of a ſtream.

As ſhines the lily through the chryſtal mild,
Or as the roſe amid the morning dew,
Freſh from Aurora's hand more ſweetly glows.

The

The letter writer, who to clearneſs unites *elegance*, will reach excellence in this kind of compoſition. An elegant writer from many modes of expreſſion, which may occur to him, ſelects the beſt, and carefully avoids all vulgar, affected, or pompous language. This excellence belongs to perſons of ſuperior refinement, and was conſpicuous in the letters of Mrs. Rowe, Lady Wortley Montagu, Lord Lyttleton, and Mr. Gray.

Preciſion conſiſts in cutting off every ſuperfluous expreſſion, and in ſaying as much as is neceſſary to make the ſubject clearly and fully underſtood,—and *no more*. By what you retrench, you add to the ſtrength and the beauty of what you retain. Thus is the vigour of the fineſt ſhrubs in a garden increaſed by curtailing their luxuriant branches. Preciſion excludes the crowd of unneceſſary words which encumber ideas: and will prevent from running the riſk of being tedious, a circumſtance which will never produce the acknowledgments of your correſpondents. We ought to have ſome re-

gard for their time as well as our own: let us then ſuffer them to riſe from our epiſtolary banquet rather with an appetite for more, than with a diſpoſition to cenſure us for ſetting a profuſion of ordinary diſhes before them.

A wag, on receiving a long letter full of unmeaning words, ſaid, it was like an old ruinous caſtle, for the *paſſages* wanted *light*, and *led to nothing*.

Truth and ſincerity ought to form the baſis of letters. Falſhood and artifice diſgrace the character of man, they ought therefore to be baniſhed from every kind of ſocial intercourſe, and particularly from that, which admits, or rather encourages the warmeſt and moſt undiſguiſed ſentiments:—the pen ſhould always be the faithful interpreter of the heart.

In all letters, and more eſpecially in letters of buſineſs, ſome arrangement of topics is neceſſary. If you do not attend to order, you will be betrayed into repetitions, and your

your thoughts by being ſcattered will be weakened and confuſed.

With reſpect to ſubjects, and the proper manner of treating them, letters naturally take their colour from the perſons to whom they are addreſſed: that is, they depend upon the age, rank, and character of your correſpondents. You would doubtleſs think it improper, or rather ridiculous, to addreſs the old and young, the grave and the gay, the ſcholar and the country ſquire, the courtier and the farmer, in the ſame ſtile. If therefore you were writing to a ducheſs, you would addreſs her with great reſpect; if to your friend with freedom and eaſe, yet devoid of too much familiarity, and if to a ſervant, with condeſcending civility. The decorum neceſſary in correſpondence is the ſame as is requiſite in converſation.

Lord Bacon has well obſerved, that "Reading maketh a full man, ſpeaking a ready man, and writing an *exact* man."

If letters do not admit the copiouſneſs of converſation, they have the double advan-

tage of more correctneſs, and more reflection. The act of writing allows that time for premeditation, which the ardour of converſation excludes; converſation is often a ſketch of the mind, which may be highly coloured indeed, but is often haſtily drawn: Letter writing ought to be a more correct reſemblance, a more nicely finiſhed picture, and if it poſſeſſes the elegance of a Melmoth, the livelineſs of a Montagu or the facetiouſneſs of a Gray, it is like a miniature ſet in diamonds.

You will do well to recollect, that attention is due to the *hand writing*, as well as to the expreſſion of a letter. To be compelled to toil through a letter written in ſo ſmall a hand as almoſt to require a microſcope, or wherein the letters are ſo formed, that they look like hieroglyphics, is laying too heavy a burthen in addition to poſtage, upon your perplexed correſpondents, and moſt unlovely is it to the eye to ſee your paper, "as the pure limpid ſtream when fouled with ſtains," deformed with blots,

and

and crowded with interlineations. The waving line of beauty may ſuit the figures of a drawing, but the mathematical preciſion of ſtraight lines is better adapted to a letter.

Always remember, that any thing worth doing, is worth doing well. Even the mode of folding, directing, and ſealing a letter is not beneath attention. Perſons of rank and faſhion are ſeldom negligent in theſe reſpects. It is equally neceſſary to be attentive while you are engaged in writing to a perſon, as when you are in company with him, for thoſe who are *diſtrait*, or abſent, are apt to make ridiculous miſtakes. So completely occupied was a lover with the idea of his miſtreſs, that—

> He wrote to his father, ending with this line,
> I am my lovely Celia, ever thine.

You may recollect the caſe of the perſon who ſent a confidential letter upon urgent buſineſs, but forgot to add the addreſs; the conſequence was, it was opened at the poſt-office, read and laughed at by the clerks

there, and returned to the writer a complete month after. Another perſon directed to his mother a letter, which, to her great ſurprize, began with the familiar addreſs of friend Tom; nor did *friend Tom* leſs wonder to find the letter ſent to him, begin with *honoured mother*.

I ſhall now give you ſome ſpecimens of two different ſtiles of letter writing, the frenchified and the pompous, illuſtrated by the addreſs of two lovers to two ladies. They will I hope produce a ſmile at the expenſe of the writers, and afford ſome good exerciſes for your judgment, which I think will enable you to diſcover the bad taſte in which they are expreſſed, without my enlarging upon the ſubject.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

FROM SIR PEREGRINE FOPLING TO LADY A——.

A SPECIMEN OF FRENCHIFIED AFFECTATION.

Madam,

My *valet de chambre* has been fortunate enough to diſcover your *ſejour*, at the moment when I was *au deſeſpoir* to know where a *billet-doux* would find you. The impreſſion you made upon my heart at lady O's *dejeuné* was confirmed by our *tete-a-tete* at lord R—'s *petit ſouper*. To confeſs the truth, I was ſtruck with your *tout enſemble* at the firſt *coup d'œil*. Your dreſs was completely *impoſing*, yet allow me to ſay, that if it wanted any thing, it was a little more of the

Parisian *coustume*, and to be a little more *a la greque*. Your *beaux yeux* were irresistible, the whole *contour* of your face reminded me of the Venus de Medicis, and if you have any fault, it is your sometimes discovering a little *mauvaise honte*. If you do me the honour to accept my matrimonial *projet*, you will, I assure you, find in me a *bon garcon plein d'esprit*. My *chateau* is *superbe*, the *environs* are spatious, there you may *promenade* san façon, and enjoy all the *agremens* of a delightful *payssage*. You may be assured, that with respect to a settlement, I shall give you a *carte blanche*; I shall be *abimè*, should I fail to inspire you with sentiments favourable to my *penchant* for you. Do not consider this *billet doux* as a mere *bagatelle*, or idle *jeu d'esprit*, but answer me by assurances of the same *tendresse*. I shall be a prey to *ennui*, till I receive your *contre projet*, which I shall deposit in my *porte feuille*, and preserve

ſerve as an invaluable *bijou*. *Adieu* ma *belle ange*, diſclaiming all *verbiage*, as inconſiſtent with the dignity of a perſon of *ton*, I am with the higheſt conſideration,

Your cher Ami,

PEREGRINE POPLING.

LET-

LETTER XV.

FROM MR. POMPOSO POLYSYLLABLE TO MISS SUSANNA R——.

A SPECIMEN OF POMPOUS AFFECTATION.

Madam,

PERMIT me to diſpenſe with the ſcrupuloſity of diffidence, and as the exuberant paſſion which I experience for your incomparable faſcinations germinates from the radical principles of ſincerity, allow me without any additional prefatory expoſtulation to enuntiate that you have long been the object of my ſupernal predilection. As my intentions emanate from the diaphanous fountain of the moſt immaculate honour, they cannot provoke the hoſtility of that delicacy, which in you is ſuperabundantly admirable. Condeſcend

deſcend then, Madam, to peruſe with benignant optics, theſe epiſtolary effuſions, and demonſtrate the ſuſceptibility of your heart, by being propitious to this precatory addreſs.

Impel me not, I ſupplicate, to the abyſs of deſperation, emancipate me from the tortuoſities of agonizing dubitation, nor drive me O cogitation, pre-eminently terrific! to ſeek on the ramification of a tree, or in the voraginous profundity of a ſtream the privation of my vitality. Rather, O benignant nymph, elevate my longing aſpirations to the animating proſpect of your ſympathetic compliance, indulge the dulcet reciprocity of affection, and acknowledge that you are not impervious to the ſame vulnerary ſenſations from the ſhafts of Cupid, which perturb my nocturnal ſlumbers, and augment my diurnal ſolicitudes; and that you will, without procraſtination, conſent to the celebration of our hymeneal ceremonies.

Abſtain-

Abſtaining from ſuperfluous verboſity, which might exhibit the phenomenon of adulatory and unmeaning ſupplication. I remain,

Madam,

Your obſequious admirer,

POMPOSO POLYSYLLABLE.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

COLONEL LORTON TO HIS DAUGHTER.

ON THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

I HAVE often wiſhed to give you my obſervations upon the very great uſe that may be derived from an acquaintance with the hiſtory of former times, but I thought you too young to underſtand and reliſh the ſubject. Now you are grown older, I wiſh to ſtate the general advantages you may derive from this ſtudy, and hope my remarks will induce you to renew your application to it.

There are few objects to which our curioſity, one of the moſt active principles of the mind, can be more pleaſingly, or more rationally directed, than to the moſt uſeful branches of hiſtory. Ignorance of the paſt has

has juſtly been eſteemed a very culpable neglect of improvement: not to know what happened before you were born (ſaid Cicero) is to be always a child.

An acquaintance with hiſtory is indiſpenſable for all perſons who are well educated. It is connected with every branch of knowledge, every diſcovery in ſcience, and extraordinary exploit and occurrence. It is a kind of univerſal principle, which diffuſes itſelf through all parts of knowledge, all profeſſions and liberal purſuits in life.

The divine, the moraliſt and the orator, make frequent alluſions to hiſtorical ſubjects; and although the province of the poet is fancy, yet his fictions are ſo much built upon facts, that an acquaintance with hiſtory is neceſſary to throw light upon his writings. It is very difficult to underſtand Homer, Virgil, Taſſo, or Milton, without it; and it is for this reaſon ſo many notes have been written on their works.

A knowledge of hiſtory is uſeful, as it is con-

conſidered in a moral, political, and religious point of view. In a *moral* point of view it is beneficial to mankind at large, as the guide of their conduct. In a *political*, as it ſuggeſts uſeful expedients to thoſe who exerciſe even the higheſt public offices of the ſtate, whether they are kings, miniſters, or magiſtrates; or as it enables us to form, by compariſon, with thoſe who have gone before them, a juſt eſtimate of their merits. In a *religious*, as it teaches us to regard the Supreme Being, as the Governor of the univerſe, and the Sovereign diſpoſer of all events.

The faculties of the ſoul are improved by exerciſe, and nothing is more proper to enlarge, quicken, and refine them, than a ſurvey of the conduct of mankind. Hiſtory ſupplies us with a detail of facts, and ſubmits them to our examination, before we are called into active life. By obſervation and reflection upon others, we begin an early acquaintance with human nature, extend our views of the moral world, and are enabled

to

to acquire such a habit of discernment, and correctness of judgment, as others obtain only by experience. We thus by anticipation are conversant with the busy scenes of the world; by revolving the lives of sages and heroes, we exercise our virtues in a review, and prepare them for approaching action. We learn the motives, the opinions, and the passions of those who have lived before us, and the fruit of that study is a more perfect knowledge of ourselves, and a correction of our failings by their examples. At the same time, we form those general principles of conduct, which must necessarily be true and commendable, because they are founded upon right reason, and are sanctioned by the uniform authority and practice of the wise and good.

Our experience is imperfect, but the examples of ancient times are complete, actual observation gives only a partial knowledge of mankind; great events and important transactions open very slowly upon us, and the shortness of human life enables us only

to

to ſee detached parts of them. We are not placed at a proper diſtance to judge rightly of their real nature and magnitude. For heated by our paſſions, hurried on by precipitation, and miſled by intereſt and prejudice, we view the affairs of the preſent times through an obſcure medium, and frequently form very wrong opinions of them. The examples of hiſtory, on the contrary, are diſtinct and clear, they are preſented to us at full length, and we can contemplate them in their origin, progreſs, and end. We conſider them at our leiſure, and decide upon the actions of thoſe who are removed by time to a great diſtance from us, with a cool and diſpaſſionate judgment.

Prejudices in favour of our native country are very juſtifiable and wholeſome; but they ſhould never degenerate into blind partiality: from theſe an acquaintance with hiſtory will exempt us, and will enable us to give other countries their due degree of praiſe.

This ſtudy likewiſe tends to ſtrengthen our abhorrence of vice, and creates a reliſh for

LETTER XVII.

From the ſame to the ſame.

ON HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND LETTERS.

I FLATTER myſelf you will be convinced upon reflection, that the advantages I have ſtated as neceſſarily reſulting from the ſtudy of hiſtory, are far from being imaginary or exaggerated, and that I could without difficulty add to their number. I am certain you will always reflect with pleaſure upon the hours we have ſpent in peruſing the hiſtory of the Jews, the Greeks, and the Romans, and the moſt diſtinguiſhed nations of modern times; and that your recollection of the moſt remarkable occurrences will be the more complete, becauſe we always connected them with proper attention to geography

graphy, and chronology. Theſe aids are indiſpenſable for the elucidation of ſuch ſubjects, and therefore they are with great propriety of metaphor, called "the eyes of hiſtory."

If you do not keep up your acquaintance with *geography*, you will be liable to be puzzled by every boarding-ſchool girl you may meet with; and every newspaper you take up will reproach you with ignorance, particularly as our commerce, and our military expeditions are extended to almoſt every part of the globe.

You complain that you are not ſo well verſed in the hiſtory of England as you wiſh. —You may ſupply that defect by reading "the Hiſtory of England to the peace of Amiens 1802, with a view to the ſtate of ſociety and manners in each age, by Charlotte Smith;" and ſhould you wiſh to go deeper into the ſubject, I recommend to your more ſtudious peruſal the latter part of Henry's Hiſtory of England, and Smollet's

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Continuation of Hume. You had better begin with *the reign of Henry VIII*, which I fix upon, becauſe it is a proper era from whence to date the laws and inſtitutions both civil and religious, which have the greateſt influence upon the preſent ſtate of ſociety in England. The times preceding were comparatively barbarous and uncivilized, and rather to be ſurveyed as ſubjects of curioſity, than of any importance to us.

By beginning at the above-mentioned period, and continuing your hiſtorical courſe to the preſent times, you will ſee how the CONSTITUTION both in church and ſtate, of which we ſo juſtly boaſt, was gradually improved; under what particular circumſtances the *laws*, which guard our civil and religious liberties were paſſed,—what *eminent men* have flouriſhed,—and you may trace the progreſs of *Arts*, *Sciences*, and *Manners*. Thus you will gain a complete view of the ſteps by which Great Britain has reached her preſent exalted rank among nations, and

you

you will ſee that ſhe has gained it, by the good ſenſe and enterprizing ſpirit of her people, the power of her navy, and the extent of her commerce.

In ſhort, my dear girl, you will obſerve enough in our hiſtory, combined with your own obſervations upon the actual ſtate of ſociety, to make you thankful to Providence, that you were born in *ſuch* a country, and *ſuch* an age; for you muſt be convinced you can enjoy all the advantages that civilized ſociety can give; the light of uſeful knowledge ſhines full upon you, and your ſex emancipated from the rigours, and relieved from the ignorance of former times, are allowed every rational privilege they can deſire, and the modes and habits of life are favourable to their purſuit of every object that is conducive to their real happineſs.

There is *one* branch of hiſtory to which I wiſh particularly to direct your attention, and that is *Biography*. To your ſex it may be no trifling recommendation of it to remark,

mark, that it admits much of the ſpirit and lively deſcription of the beſt novels, without their improbabilities.

In general hiſtory, we find out-lines and ſketches of great and illuſtrious characters, in biography there are more complete and highly finiſhed portraits, and the province of the biographer does not merely extend to thoſe who have acted upon the public theatre of the world as ſovereigns, ſtateſmen, and warriors, but to all who have improved the condition of human life by their uſeful diſcoveries, adorned it by works of genius, or in any reſpect have benefited mankind. To examine the characters and conduct of ſuch perſons, who have not been enflamed by ambition, or courted empty popularity, but have given dignity to the walks of private life by the diſcharge of the ſocial duties, and the general exerciſe of virtue, will be a high gratification to your mind, and will increaſe your love and admiration of ſuch excellence, as comes within the reach of your imitation.

In

In order that you may have a proper acquaintance with the hiſtory of thoſe eminent men, whoſe names are deſervedly enrolled in the records of fame, I recommend to you the following works.

1. Scripture Biography, containing the Lives and Actions of all the principal Characters in the Old and New Teſtaments, by Dr. Watkins, 12mo.

2. A Selection of the Lives of Plutarch, by Dr. Mavor, 12mo.

3. The Britiſh Nepos, by Dr. Mavor, containing ſelect Lives of our moſt diſtinguiſhed Countrymen, with Remarks, 12mo.

4. Johnſon's Lives of the Poets, 4 vols. 8vo.

And although your ſex, from the nature of their duties and occupations in life, cannot, and ought not, to be ſo conſpicuous as men; yet happily the hiſtory of many of the moſt worthy females has been recorded no leſs for the example than the admiration of ſucceeding times.

You

You will be much pleaſed by reading the lives of *Lady Jane Gray, Lady Elizabeth Haſtings, Margaret Roper, daughter of Sir Thomas More, Lady Rachel Ruſſel, Anne, Queen of Great Britain, Anne of Auſtria, Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe,* and *Mrs. Chapone.*

You will find theſe lives very pleaſingly detailed in " Female Biography, or Memoirs of remarkable and illuſtrious Women of all Ages and Countries, in 6 vols. 12mo.

The *Letters* of Perſons of Diſtinction have likewiſe ſtrong claims to your attention. They will introduce you to an acquaintance with the learned, the polite, the accompliſhed, and the good of various ages: They will inform you of the unreſerved opinions they communicated to their boſom friends; you will ſee in what a pleaſing manner, genius, wit, and humour, indulged their natural ſallies, and adorned the common occurrences of life in the dreſs of elegant deſcription. In the beſt letters taſte,

fancy,

fancy, and ſenſibility, ſhine in their native beauty; gaiety and ſerioufneſs are diſplayed without diſguiſe, and even negligence is not deſtitute of grace.

In the collection called *Elegant Epiſtles* you will find many that will anſwer theſe deſcriptions; but I wiſh you to peruſe at large the Epiſtles of *Pliny*, tranſlated by Melmoth, as they expreſs the ſentiments of a very benevolent and elegant mind. The Letters of *Lady Ruſſel* are replete with unaffected piety, and thoſe of *Dr. Johnſon*, *Mr. Gray*, *Mr. Cowper*, *Fitzoſborne*, *Mrs. Rowe*, and *Mrs. Chapone*, equally deſerve an attentive peruſal.

I wiſh by no means to limit your library to the books before mentioned; but expect, when you return home, you will bring a collection not only of hiſtorical works, but ſuch as relate to inſtructive ſubjects in general: yet be very careful in your choice;—while you traverſe the fields of literature, pluck none but its moſt beautiful flowers.

As

As we are not ambitious to obtain praiſe for the extent, but for the excellence of our ſelection, let us leave ſuch as are inferior in fragrance and colour to thoſe who make a collection more for the ſake of oſtentation, than any regard to uſe, or real ornament.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

From the ſame to the ſame.

ON TASTE.

I AM confident, my dear Emily, you will agree with me in thinking that thoſe perſons make a great miſtake who confound the diſtinction which prevails between *faſhion* and *taſte*. Is not Faſhion the offspring of capricious fancy, changing its colours like the chameleon, and almoſt as mutable as the wind and the weather? And is not Taſte a principle fixed and permanent, which enables us to reliſh the beauties we obſerve in the works of nature and art? Taſte ſhould correct and reſtrain faſhion, or it will degenerate into abſurdity. This was the caſe

with regard to dreſs when the long-waiſted ladies were mounted on high heeled ſhoes, and encumbered themſelves with enormous hoops; and when the heads of all gentlemen, whether young or old were enveloped in buſhy wigs. You cannot ſuppoſe that Taſte contributed to ſuch groteſque appearances, and made ſuch prepoſterous efforts to diſguiſe, rather than to adorn the human figure: no, that pure principle can never give its ſanction to any deviation from nature, ſimplicity, and true elegance. What is the reaſon we admire the dreſſes of the antient Greeks and Romans? It is becauſe their flowing garments clothed the body without impeding its motions, and admitted the full diſplay of grace and eaſe. How well adapted to activity is the light garment thrown over the ſhoulders of the Apollo Belvidere; how flowing and graceful is the drapery of the female figures repreſented in the freſco paintings diſcovered at Herculaneum and Pompeii; and of thoſe which the ingenious Flaxman has copied from the pureſt deſigns of

the

the Greek artiſts with congenial taſte to illuſtrate the works of Homer and Eſchylus!

Taſte, however, is not confined to dreſs, equipage, or furniture: it takes a much more extenſive range, and preſides in more extenſive provinces, by reigning ſupreme over Poetry, Painting, and Muſic.

True taſte coincides with the love of the beauties of nature, and this love is univerſal. For example, who is not pleaſed with flowers? How delighted are children with rambling into gardens and fields to gather them! Time confirms this fondneſs, and every perſon makes ſome attempt to raiſe them, from the poor mechanic, the tenant of a garret, who diſplays them from his caſement, to the ducheſs, who can exhibit an elegant and extenſive conſervatory, fraught with the plants of every clime.

Young children gather poppies as often as any other field flowers, but time and experience correct, or rather form, their taſte, and they learn to give the preference to thoſe that are pleaſing for fragrance, as well as lively

lively colours: they throw away the dandelion to pluck the roſe. Thus they are guided by the principle of *ſelection*, and this principle ought to be applied to all the elegant arts. Poetry and Painting, abſtractedly conſidered, are delightful effects of human invention, but neither all poems nor all pictures are equally calculated to give pleaſure. You are not to conclude becauſe a certain number of verſes are printed in a beautiful type, upon wire-wove and hot-preſſed paper, and are adorned with elegant vignettes, and called *Poetry*, they deſerve the name, on that account *only*: by no means; for true poetry is the offspring of a fervid imagination, clothed in ſuitable language: it muſt conſiſt of "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," to make a pleaſing, powerful, and permanent impreſſion upon the mind, and be worthy of its high name, and noble character.

In the earlieſt poet of Greece you will find the moſt numerous examples to anſwer this deſcription: and perhaps in the whole range

range of poetry, it would be difficult to find a delineation of the appearance of nature, more magnificent and ſtriking, than that which Homer has given in the eighth Book of the Iliad;—I allude to the following moſt exquiſite landſcape of a moonlight night.

As when the Moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er Heaven's clear azure ſpreads her ſacred light,
When not a breath diſturbs the deep ſerene,
And not a cloud o'ercaſts the ſolemn ſcene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And ſtars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure ſhed,
And tip with ſilver every mountain's head.
Then ſhine the vales, the rocks in proſpect riſe,
A flood of glory burſts through all the ſkies;
The conſcious ſwains, rejoicing in the ſight,
Eye the blue vault, and bleſs the uſeful light.

Let it not eſcape your attention, dear Emily, that a true poet is not content with preſenting his readers with the mere deſcription of ſhady groves, rapid torrents, flowery vales, and lofty mountains, but, like a great painter, introduces life and action into his ſcenery:

ſcenery: and you will likewiſe obſerve, that the "conſcious ſwains" of Pope, or rather the *ſhepherd* of Homer, would not have admired theſe beautiful appearances, had he not been a man of taſte; for very bountiful has nature been in imparting this faculty to every perſon poſſeſſed of ſenſibility and judgment, from the prince to the peaſant.

That Akenſide, in his elegant poem on the Pleaſures of the Imagination, caught the idea from Homer, I do not venture to aſſert; but he has given a deſcription of the ſame kind, and has beautifully enlarged upon the effect produced by a fine evening upon a ruſtic and uneducated ſpectator.

——————— Aſk the ſwain
Who journeys homeward from a ſummer day's
Long labour, why forgetful of his toils,
And dull repoſe, he loiters to behold
The ſunſhine gleaming as through amber clouds,
O'er all the weſtern ſky; full ſoon, I ween,
His rude expreſſion and untutor'd airs
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of beauty ſmiling at his heart,
How lovely! how commanding!——

Far

Far more pleaſing than the mere deſcriptive is the poetry that touches the heart, and this kind of poetry is called *pathetic*. I cannot give you a more delightful ſpecimen than the parting of Hector and Andromache, deſcribed in the ſixth Book of the Iliad. And the terror of the child, the young Aſtyanax, at the ſight of his father's helmet, is a ſtroke of nature, that can never be too much, or even ſufficiently admired.

Thus having ſpoke, th' illuſtrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to claſp the lovely boy;
The babe clung crying to his nurſe's breaſt,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding creſt;
With ſecret pleaſure each fond parent ſmil'd,
And Hector haſted to relieve his child;
The glittering terror from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.

Among ſhort poems we ſometimes meet with ſuch as we admire for the ſentiment they convey. The following inſtance will not, I hope, pleaſe you leſs, as you can only read it in a tranſlation, for the attempt which

I have made to expreſs its elegance in Engliſh.

AN ADDRESS TO TIME.

From the Spaniſh.

I.

O Time, thy rapid pinions cloſe,
Delay thy cruel pace,
Pluck not the ſweetly bluſhing roſe
From Violante's face.

II.

Dim not the luſtre of her eyes,
Forbear upon her head,
Where auburn treſſes graceful riſe,
The ſnow of age to ſpread.

III.

But if by Nature's ſtern decree,
Thy courſe no change can find;
For charms of which thou rob'ſt her form,
Give others to her mind.

IV.

Mild Courage that defies all fear,
Religion's ſacred ſtore,
Good Humour's ſmile, ſoft Pity's tear,
Content that aſks no more.

v.

And O may Friendſhip's tender flame
With age ſtill brighter ſhine;
That richer gem than wealth or fame,
Sweet maid, be your's and mine.

For eaſy and elegant compliment, and juſt alluſion, you may take the following deſcription of a river, addreſſed to a young lady, by Cowper.

Sweet ſtream that winds through yonder glade,
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid;
Silent and chaſte ſhe ſteals along,
Far from the world's gay buſy throng;
With gentle, yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her deſtin'd courſe;
Graceful and uſeful all ſhe does,
Bleſſing and bleſt, where'er ſhe goes;
Pure-boſom'd as the wat'ry glaſs,
And heav'n reflected in her face.

No true critic can withhold his warm and unqualified approbation from ſuch verſes as I have quoted. By a true critic I mean one who is guided by taſte; who diſplays the

beauties of authors with pleaſure, becauſe he feels them with rapture, and will rather palliate faults for the ſake of the beauties to which they are allied, than expoſe them with ſeverity. Such critics were Horace and Longinus among the antients, and Addiſon, Dr. Joſeph Warton, and Sir Joſhua Reynolds, among our own authors. Critics infected with ſpleen, or inſtigated by malevolence, are the tigers and wolves of literature, who ſubſiſt either by preying on other animals, or by tearing each other. The true critic endeavours to diſplay every latent beauty of his author, like the connoiſſeur who hangs every picture in the moſt advantageous light.

Such was Quintilian, one of the beſt Latin writers after the Auguſtan age. A more happy inſtance of taſte, applied to the illuſtration of an author, is ſcarcely to be found, than the following remark taken from his works.

He obſerves, "that when an orator wiſhes to raiſe a high idea of the excellence of the perſon in whoſe favour he is ſpeaking, it

it may ſometimes be done better by implication, than in direct terms. Homer, in the Iliad, has given an example of this kind. What ideas are we to entertain of the charms of Helen, the moſt celebrated beauty of all antiquity? Our opinion of it is not to be formed from the expreſſions of her lover, Paris, nor any youthful admirer, but from the hoary counſellors, the venerable aſſociates of Priam, who all expreſs their admiration of her matchleſs attractions. Even the aged monarch himſelf, tired as he was with the long ſiege of his capital, and deprived of many children by the war, is not ſilent in her praiſe; for as ſoon as ſhe appears upon the battlements, where he and his counſellors are ſitting, he welcomes her with affection and tenderneſs, calls her his daughter, places her by his ſide, and even makes an apology for her conduct."

This remark of Quintilian is ſo excellent, that I am at a loſs which to admire the moſt, the acuteneſs of the critic, who diſplays to ſuch advantage the beauty of the poet, or the

the beauty of the poet, which gave rise to the acuteness of the critic.

To persons of taste the objects of nature, which the dull and insensible pass by with indifference, are sources of very great pleasure. They survey with delight the limpid current of the winding stream, the field clothed with the gay attire of summer, and the vast expanse of the ocean; "each rural sight, each rural sound," loses not by familiarity its effect upon their imagination.

Happy are you who can extend the sphere of these pleasures by the means that education and refinement afford; for you can enjoy the sweets of Poetry, the graces of Painting, and the scientific improvements of Music. Wherever you go, whether to an exhibition of pictures, a concert, or a splendid house, new scenes of elegance are opened to your view, charm your ear, and amuse your fancy. As these pleasures of taste arise so much from the beauties of Nature, and the refinements of Art, they are pure and innocent,

and

and are therefore connected with Virtue. May they confirm your attachment to its principles, increase your ardor in its pursuit, and heighten your gratification in its practice!

LET-

LETTER XIX.

From the ſame to the ſame.

ON SELF-COMMAND.

YOUR deſcription of Mrs. Wilſon's violent temper gives me much concern, particularly on your own account, as her conduct, when under its influence, muſt render her very unamiable, and of courſe muſt greatly diminiſh your regard for her. The harſh language ſhe uſes to her ſervants is by no means more excuſeable than her impetuoſity in the preſence of her equals. Be aſſured, my Emily, the fretful and irafcible cannot be happy: if ſhe has any real ſenſibility, the emotions ſhe feels muſt be as painful as thoſe ſhe cauſes in the breaſts of others; and when the calm

of

of retirement ſucceeds to the buſtle of company, her ſolitary moments muſt be embittered by very mortifying reflexions; for it has been well remarked, "that anger begins with folly, and ends with repentance."

I remember hearing of an experiment that was tried upon a girl, who uſed to throw herſelf into a violent rage upon the moſt trivial occaſions. A friend happened to call when Miſs was *furioſa*, and he inſtantly led her to the looking-glaſs: "Only look," ſaid he, "at yourſelf—when calm and compoſed you are a very pretty girl; but now you are in a paſſion, had ever hag ſuch diſtorted features, was ever Meduſa ſo ugly and frightful!" The mirror convinced her of the truth of the remark; ſhe felt the juſtneſs of the appeal, and from that time abated her ſtorming humour, for fear her anger ſhould ſpoil her beauty. I ſhould like to repeat this experiment in the caſe of Mrs. Wilſon, and poſſibly the compliment to her perſon might reconcile her to the reproof.

Or

Or if you think that by relating to Mrs. Wilſon the following incident, which once took place in our family, you may chance to moderate her anger, when ſhe is diſpoſed to direct it againſt her ſervants without juſt cauſe, you are at liberty to quote my authority for its truth.

Your dear mother had a coſtly and beautiful ſet of china, which ſhe valued very highly;—they were perhaps the envy of ſome, and certainly the admiration of all her friends, and were never uſed in the family except upon ſuch feſtive occaſions as a birth-day or a chriſtening. One fatal evening, as a ſervant was carrying them from the tea-room, her foot ſlipped, the beautiful equipage fell from her hands, and the ſtone pavement of the hall was covered with the glittering fragments—for not a ſingle cup or ſaucer eſcaped unbroken. This unfortunate ſervant had lived with us many years, and we eſteemed her, among her other good qualities, for her great carefulneſs.—Your mother, inſtantly anticipating what her feelings

of

of concern muſt be, uttered indeed ſome expreſſions of ſurpriſe at the accident, but not a *ſingle* word of anger eſcaped her lips: ſhe bore her loſs like a philoſopher, and you muſt be as great an admirer of old china as ſhe was to be a judge of the ſacrifice ſhe made of her own feelings to thoſe of her domeſtic. As I wiſh you always to diſcriminate between accident and deſign in the conduct of ſervants as well as others, I hope you will never forget this diſtinguiſhed inſtance of ſelf-command.

The example of Mrs. Wilſon's violent temper is alone ſufficient to convince you of the great importance of that *ſelf-command* which morality enjoins, Chriſtianity ſanctions with all its authority, and which is indiſpenſably neceſſary for the happineſs of life.

The province of ſelf-command comprehends *manners*, as well as *morals;* for if we do not lay a proper reſtraint upon our own will, but give the reins to our darling propenſities, how can we pay to others the attention

tention which civility and politeneſs inform us is their due?

Self-command exerciſes its nobleſt office, when it enables us to maintain the dignity of our nature as intelligent beings, by eſtabliſhing the empire of Reaſon over the paſſions. It renders a perſon the maſter of himſelf under all the various circumſtances of life—in proſperity cheerful without inſolence, and in adverſity reſigned and calm without dejection. It gives an effectual check to all the vitious propenſities of envy, malice, and anger; and in the ſame proportions as it reſtrains them, it encourages the growth of the virtues, prevents them from running into extremes, and fixes their due bounds.

If you conſider this ſelf-command as the proper regulator of all the movements of your *thoughts*, *words*, and *actions*, you will be able to eſtimate its value, and aſcertain its effects upon the happineſs of your life.

As a genial ſoil produces weeds as well as beautiful flowers and nutritious fruits, ſo is the mind fertile in all kinds of thoughts.

The

The object of ſelf-command is to turn this fertility to the beſt advantage, and to check the growth of all ſuch ideas as are vitious, frivolous, and fretful; and to encourage thoſe that are innocent, inſtructive, and cheerful. And you cannot, my Emily, exerciſe this reſtraint over yourſelf for more ſatisfactory purpoſes, than by paſſing over little affronts without notice, by repreſſing the mortification you may feel for the imaginary or real ſlights paſſed upon you by others; or than by checking, if you cannot exclude, your vexation for petty diſappointments. I ſhall have no great opinion of the firmneſs of your mind, if you diſcover much concern becauſe a lady of quality, to whom you have been introduced, happens not to notice you the next time you meet; or becauſe your dreſs-maker has delayed to bring home the gown, in which you intended to appear at a ball.

The importance of ſelf-command with reſpect to converſation may perhaps be eſtimated by remarking the fatal effects that may attend its abſence. Two gentlemen of my acquaint-

ance, who had been friends for years, were hurried by the heat of argument into contradiction: the one uttered an unguarded and irritating expreſſion, which the other inſtantly reſented: a duel took place; one fell a victim to this gothic and murderous cuſtom, ſociety was deprived of a valuable member, and a widow and her helpleſs children were left to weep the fatal conſequences of one raſh word.

Miſs A—— and Miſs B—— had been for many years inſeparable companions; a little altercation took place, which tempted Miſs A——, a girl of an affectionate but haſty temper, to call her friend by opprobrious names; a quarrel was the conſequence; by the interpoſition of friends a ſeeming reconciliation was effected; Miſs B—— ſhook hands with the culprit, and forgave her, as far as profeſſions went; but memory, too faithful to its truſt, will never allow her to forget the language ſhe heard. Miſs A—— ſpoke ſuch daggers as fixed an incurable wound in the boſom of her alienated aſſociate; the one was raſh, the other was unrelenting,

lenting, and Friendſhip laments the extinction of its flame in boſoms that once glowed with its pureſt and moſt ardent heat.

You remember Mrs. Y——, of Perith.—She is a woman who acts under the influence of ſelf-command, more than any perſon I know. Her caro ſpoſo, who reſembles Sir Anthony Abſolute in the School for Scandal, is fond of argument, and as he grows eager in purſuit of his favourite point, he becomes dogmatical and choleric. She is well aware of his foible, and knows how to moderate the ſtorm, which ſhe is ſeldom the intentional cauſe of raiſing. When he is growing hot and impetuous, ſhe continues cool and ſedate; when ſhe finds he is going into extremes, ſhe contrives, with admirable dexterity, to turn the current of the converſation into another channel: he becomes conſcious of his indiſcretion, and ſenſible of her kindneſs, and follows the topic to which ſhe leads him. Thus is tranquillity reſtored, to the no ſmall joy of all the company preſent.

Upon

Upon ſome occaſions, you may feel a great temptation to indulge in ſatire and raillery, and to raiſe a laugh at the expenſe of another: but always remember the fable of the boys pelting the frogs—what was mirth to the miſchievous urchins was death to the helpleſs croakers: Jocularity and ſatire are weapons that may be turned againſt the aſſailant, ſo that prudence very often, if not good nature, as I have before hinted, may keep you ſilent and inoffenſive.

Of very great importance is ſelf-command with reſpect to *ſecrets*. In this caſe, your conſtant vigilance is neceſſary. To many perſons a ſecret is an inſupportable burden, although the diſcloſure of it is a complicated offence. It is a breach of honour, and of prudence; yet they cannot be eaſy, till they have found others to ſhare it with them. The ſame diſcreet diſpoſition which guards you againſt divulging ſecrets, will reſtrain you from the mean curioſity of prying into them. You will diſdain to imitate Mrs. R——, who reads the addreſſes of all the letters the poſtman

poſtman brings to the village; or to interrogate the ſervants of your neighbours about affairs which their maſter and miſtreſs do not chuſe you ſhould know.

This curioſity begins in weakneſs, and ends in miſchief; for you may depend upon this aſſertion as a truth confirmed by long obſervation,—that the deſire of knowing ſecrets is always attended by the deſire of telling them.

Of all haſte in converſation, none is worſe or more detrimental, than that which betrays a perſon into *raſh promiſes*. This has been the cauſe of great miſery in all ages of the world. Recollect the ſtory of the inconſiderate Jephtha, as recorded in Scripture—ſo elated was he with victory, that he made a ſolemn vow to ſacrifice the firſt living creature he ſhould ſee on his return home, and he was met by his beloved daughter, his only child! The impious Herod, bound by a ſimilar promiſe, beheaded John the Baptiſt, the forerunner of the Meſſiah.

But to increaſe your caution, by adverting to more familiar inſtances—never forget the caſe of Sarah S——, of Ambleſide. She ſaw young R—— only once or twice; he was handſome, ſhe liſtened to his plauſible converſation, and bound herſelf by a promiſe to marry him. Her friends told her that he was a ſpendthrift and a ſot. In vain did ſhe attempt to retract; for he kept her firm to her engagement, and ſhe now bitterly repents her folly.—He is waſting her little fortune at a tavern, while ſhe ſits lonely at home, a prey to miſery and tears.

Self-command may prove your beſt friend, and ultimately ſecure you great pleaſures, when at preſent it may wear the appearance of an enemy. Suppoſe you are invited to a party this evening, and are indiſpoſed with a cold: if you go, you may increaſe your complaint to ſuch a degree as to be obliged to ſeclude yourſelf from company for a long time; but if you reſolve to ſtay at home, and attend to your health, you may be perfectly well in a day or two, and able to mix in the

ſociety

ſociety of your friends for a long courſe of uninterrupted enjoyment.

Nor is ſelf-command leſs uſeful when applied to economy, or the regulation of your expenſes. For example; ſuppoſe you go to a ſhop which exhibits a variety of the moſt beautiful trinkets and ornaments, and you ſee a lady purchaſing them with eagerneſs, regardleſs of their price: you may wiſh to do the ſame; but let reflection guard you againſt yielding to ſuch a temptation: the lady who laviſhes her money may be in poſſeſſion of a large fortune, while it becomes you to recollect what your allowance is, and that you muſt pay for the uſeful articles of dreſs, before you have any to expend upon ſuperfluous bracelets and broches, fans and necklaces. In all ſituations of life, expenſe ought to bear a due proportion to income: regard to this principle is neceſſary even to perſons of the largeſt fortunes: if even a lady of the higheſt rank is inattentive to it, embarraſſment will be the conſequence of her profuſion: ſuch was the caſe with the

Ducheſs of D——; her beauty and elegance of manners charmed all who had the happineſs to know her, but her extravagance degraded her rank and character, and embittered the cloſe of her life.

Self-command gives a perſon the greateſt advantage over thoſe who do not act under its influence. When other perſons are warmly diſputing upon any ſubject, if you can keep yourſelf cool and unruffled, you may often ſee where the blame lies, and where truth is to be found. In caſes of difficulty and danger, *preſence of mind*, which is ſelf-command under another name, will frequently enable you to extricate yourſelf, and to avoid the precipice from which the imprudent and the impetuous fall. In ſhort, ſelf-command is a quality of univerſal application; it enables us to exerciſe all our faculties and powers, both of body and mind, in a manner calculated to accompliſh the beſt ends of life; and no perſon ever was, or ever can be, good, or great, or happy, without its ſalutary reſtraints.

Remember

Remember that he who is raſh, is juſt as wiſe as the rider who ſuffers his horſe to run away with him, or the boy who ſteps upon the thin ice, regardleſs of the deep water it covers; while he who is deliberate, walks by the rule of Reaſon, and eſcapes a thouſand dangers, which if we by our own fault incur, we ſhall feel the more acutely, becauſe our pride will mortify us with the conſciouſneſs that we ſuffer deſervedly, and fall the victims to our own folly.

LETTER XX.

From the ſame to the ſame.

ON MARRIAGE.

THE unhappy circumſtances of your friend Caroline's elopement with the Count de Malmaiſon, naturally ſuggeſts to me the propriety of communicating my thoughts to you upon the ſubject of Matrimony; and I ſhall write to you with more pleaſure, as I am perſuaded my obſervations have the beſt and ſtrongeſt claims to your ſerious attention, becauſe they are the reſult of long experience, and flow from my warm and anxious regard for your happineſs.

If you were to be betrayed into a matrimonial engagement by a gay admirer, who is indebted to his dancing-maſter, his taylor, and

and his coachmaker for his attractions, and were to be induced by a few flattering ſpeeches, and his ſtyliſh appearance, to liſten to his propoſals, you could not have extreme youth, nor perfect ignorance of the world, to plead your excuſe—you are now old enough to know your own mind, and not only to be decided as to what you like, but to judge what *ought* to pleaſe you. You have had the advantage of being introduced into genteel company, and have daily opportunities of exerciſing your judgment upon the behaviour and characters of gentlemen. It is my anxious wiſh to ſtrengthen that judgment, upon a ſubject of all the moſt intereſting to a girl of your age.

Marriage is the ſource of all the moſt tender endearments, and moſt delightful charities of life: but as we do not live in paradiſe, where it was firſt inſtituted, and as that which may be a ſupreme good in the abſtract, may, under ſome circumſtances, be a poſitive evil, we muſt exert our own prudence, as to the choice of that condition which is upon the whole

whole moſt eligible, and not enter even into the deſirable ſtate of wedlock, before we have duly weighed a number of conſiderations.

You will therefore be the leſs ſurpriſed to obſerve, that I am not an advocate for the abſolute neceſſity of a young woman marrying; for ſhe *may* be as happy without a huſband, as with one. The laugh of the world is, we know, a good deal directed againſt old maids, but they, as well as old bachelors, may often blame themſelves, if they are not both contented and reſpectable. Let old maids act in character; let not aunt *Deborah* ape the manners or borrow the dreſs of *Miſs in her teens;* let her not be peeviſh to her juniors, nor imperious to her ſervants; but ſhow a mild and benevolent temper to all around her: let her ſtore her mind with uſeful knowledge, and take a pleaſure in communicating it; let her make herſelf uſeful to her relations and their families—let her purſue this line of conduct, and although ſhe may not have a train of lovers, ſhe cannot fail to ſecure many friends, and

ſhe

ſhe may paſs her life among them with pleaſure and ſatisfaction. A married woman has doubtleſs many comforts and enjoyments, but a ſingle one is exempt from the weighty cares and deep ſorrows, that are often the lot of the wife and the mother. If your purſuit be happineſs, take care to fix your deſires upon proper objects: we are apt to make a great error in judgment in altering our condition—we flatter ourſelves we ſhall *increaſe* our pleaſures; the truth is, we only *exchange* them; we muſt take care not to loſe by the exchange, as Aladdin did, when his old lamp was given for a new one.

Suppoſe you were invited to go a journey for a month or two with a perſon who profeſſed great deſire to enjoy your company; would you agree to accompany her without aſcertaining her diſpoſition and character, and her ability to render the excurſion pleaſant? and would not ſuch an enquiry be much more neceſſary, if your journey was to be extended to many years of your life? Apply this caſe to marriage, a ſtate in which you

you muſt have an inſeparable companion in a huſband.

I put this caſe from the recollection of ſome very precipitate marriages, when after the parties had ſeen each other once or twice in a ball-room, or at a rout, the gentleman made the lady an offer; they agreed to viſit the temple of Hymen, but never after the honey-moon was over did they paſs a complete day in the temple of Concord.

The ſeaſon of courtſhip between two perſons equally amiable and ſincere, is a ſeaſon of mixed delight and anxiety. It is the ſpring which ſhows the bloſſoms of thoſe joys, which we hope to ſee ripen into the moſt delicious ſummer fruits. It is a kind of magic ſtate of ſouls and affections; matrimony diſſolves many of its charms, and ſhows the real temper and diſpoſition. You muſt not be much ſurpriſed or diſappointed, when you diſcover the huſband not to be that perfectly amiable being you found in the lover; and if even you diſcern faults in him before unobſerved, you would perhaps wrong his

character, if you were for a moment to ſuſpect that you were the dupe of his artifices. New circumſtances may occur which may make new trials for you both, and of courſe you muſt make mutual allowance for your behaviour under them. Always remember that if he be not a Sir Charles Grandiſon, you may not be a Miſs Byron.

As you value your own happineſs, let no temptation to indulge a laugh, or to relate what you may think a pleaſant anecdote, induce you ever to expoſe any of your huſband's faults; rather conceal them under the veil of prudence, and ſtate them to him in the hours of confidential intercourſe. If he act in the ſame delicate and diſcreet manner towards you, you have the beſt aſſurance of each other's love, and the beſt proſpect of years of uninterrupted harmony.

You muſt behave to your huſband without reſerve in all matters of conduct. He who is worthy of your hand in marriage, is worthy of your confidence. Baniſh all artifice and affectation: let him not be indebted

to

to the exaggerated, and perhaps malevolent, accounts of others for information relative to the circumſtances of yourſelf, or your family, when you are at liberty to diſcloſe them to him: ſincerity and candour are duties peculiarly ſacred between friends—how much more ought they to be ſo between huſband and wife? Remember the unhappy reſult of a want of confidence in Mrs. C—. Captain C— requeſted to know the amount of her debts before he married her; ſhe repeatedly declared to him ſhe had incurred none. After marriage his door was beſieged by her creditors; ſhe had told him (ſtrange infatuation!) a deliberate falſhood: he regarded himſelf as the dupe of her deception; in a frenzy of diſappointment he baniſhed her from his houſe, and has vowed never to ſee her more.

The proper ſphere in which a married woman ought to move is in domeſtic life. If ſhe underſtand her true intereſt and happineſs, ſhe will never quit her own houſe for any length of time. There the character, con-

connections, and property of her husband will give her most influence, weight, and respectability. There she may enjoy a thousand comforts, not in her power to command elsewhere: There she may diffuse the most extensive good among the poor, and best attend to all the duties she owes to God, her neighbours, and herself.

This remark seems the more necessary, because too many pairs at present resemble birds of passage; like swallows and woodcocks they take periodical flights from one place to another, and never stay long any where. Our modern people of fashion, who act upon this locomotive principle, live almost as much in their carriages as in houses, and they can hardly be said to *reside* any where. London in the spring, watering places in the summer, and Bath in the winter, occupy almost the whole of the year; and thither they resort with a kind of religious punctuality to worship at the shrine of dissipation and amusement. The family mansion is deserted, or only visited for the husband

huſband to ſettle his rents with the tenants, and for the wife to dazzle the weak eyes of the villagers with the parade of her carriages, and the diſplay of her liveries.

We may thank the faſhion of the times for not confining the encroachments upon domeſtic life to London and the watering places. A life of complete diſſipation may be paſſed in the country, and your own houſe may be the principal ſcene of it. Card parties, routs, plays, balls, and concerts, may be very pleaſant and innocent modes of paſſing our time; but I ſee nothing in them to increaſe the affection of married perſons for each other. The moſt rational of their ſocial pleaſures are to be found in ſmall parties of friends, whoſe tempers are gentle, and manners poliſhed, and whoſe cheerfulneſs, good humour, and good ſenſe, give an attraction to your table, and a reliſh to your diſhes and wines; where the huſband and wife endeavour to make each other appear to advantage, and create new claims to each other's affection, by their kind

kind and hoſpitable reception of their common friends.

It was ſaid of Hannibal, one of the greateſt generals of antiquity, that he knew how to conquer, but not how to make a proper uſe of his victories. Let the ladies try to excel this African hero, and achieve what they all, no doubt, think they are capable of doing. Next to ſecuring the affections of your huſband, you muſt endeavour to retain them; you muſt not relax in your efforts to pleaſe. There is one mode I wiſh particularly to point out to you, and that is to be very attentive to his relations and friends, if they deſerve reſpect and eſteem. Take care neither to drive them from your houſe by coldneſs and formality, nor to diſguſt them by affectation, or giving yourſelf airs. Your huſband will be ſenſible of the compliment you pay him; he will be gratified by the ſanction you give to his choice of companions, and he will be eager to ſhow equal attention to *your* friends. It is not eaſy to convey to you an idea of the pleaſure which you

you may have it in your power to convey to the circle around you; men of ſenſe never find more agreeable ſociety, than in the company of young *married* women, who unite modeſty with frankneſs, and are freed by the rules of ſociety from that extreme reſerve which is impoſed upon ſpinſters.

If your huſband be a man of information, you can rarely want for topics of converſation, or ſubjects of rational purſuit. Aſk him to inſtruct you, and your deſire to have him for a teacher will give you a new claim to his heart. If I was to go a courting again, and wiſhed to ſucceed, next to giving the fair object of my choice ſome proof of my courage, I ſhould wiſh to give her proofs of my knowledge, and of my deſire to communicate it to her; for a common purſuit is a great cement of affection; it makes you fond of each other's company, and confirms a ſimilarity of taſtes.

If you marry a *fool*, under the deluſion that you will be able to manage him, you may be the victim of your own ſchemes; for

for fools are obſtinate, and your ſuppoſed ideot may put thoſe fetters upon you, which you intended for him. If you marry a *rake*, from the flattering ſuppoſition that you ſhall be able to effect his reformation, you may bitterly repent of having miſcalculated the power of your attractions, and may die of jealouſy and deſpair. If you marry a *merely rich man*, you may indeed gain ſplendid furniture and gaudy equipages, but you may find too late that a houſe at the weſt end of the town, and a box at the opera, are no cures for diſappointment, and have not much connection with connubial happineſs. If you throw yourſelf away upon a *pauper*, he may add ingratitude to ambition; he may diſgrace both you and your family; his vulgarity may ſhock, and his inſolence may terrify you. If you marry a *rich old man*, the world will ſay that you act from mercenary motives, and are only thinking of a large jointure, and the handſome figure you will ſoon make in widow's weeds. If you marry an *invalid*, you muſt make up your mind to paſs many

hours in a ſick room, and to perform the offices of a nurſe.

In ſhort, my Emily, that you may ſtand the beſt chance for connubial happineſs, you muſt have a huſband of your own rank in life, and of little more than your own age. Look for good temper, good ſenſe, unblemiſhed health, ſound principles, and reſpectable attainments—theſe are the foundations for cordial love, full confidence, and permanent affection.

As I am not acquainted with any perſons more proper to be propoſed as examples of connubial felicity than Mr. and Mrs. S——, I muſt ſtrongly recommend them to your notice. Congenial in their diſpoſitions, they married after a courtſhip of a year or two. They have too much ſenſe not to concede what is proper to each other's management, and too much affection to wrangle about any thing: if he ſays he muſt go a journey, ſhe immediately prepares for packing up; if he determines to ſtay at home, ſhe talks of the comfort of their own fireſide; whatever the one propoſes the other

aſſents

aſſents to, unleſs ſome ſtrong reaſons for a difference of opinion occur; and then the whole matter is talked over with calmneſs and perfect good humour. Although ſhe never wiſhes to interfere in the conduct of buſineſs, yet he often finds her opinion very valuable. In all caſes, in which ſhe has the predominance, ſhe deſerves it, for it is the influence of affection directed by good ſenſe—ſuch influence, as no ſenſible huſband would reſiſt, and none but a prudent wife knows how to exert. Their children follow the example of their parents; it is a family of harmony and love. Mr. and Mrs. S— are now growing old, yet you would be pleaſed to ſee the letters they write to each other; they are the genuine fruits of ripened friendſhip, and of unalterable regard. Their flame of love, whatever it may have loſt in ſtrength, ſtill burns with brightneſs. The remembrance of paſt pleaſures adds to its fuel, no jarring or bickerings obſcure it: they are walking down into the vale of years with compoſure, and alleviate each other's

burden of infirmities by every means in their power; contented and cheerful themſelves, they inſpire good humour in all around them, and it ſeems as if even death itſelf, although it may ſeparate them, cannot extinguiſh their affection.

Could you meet with ſuch a lover as Mr. S— was, affectionate without weakneſs, ſo mild and yet ſo manly, ſo polite and yet ſo ſincere, ſo correct in his own conduct, and yet ſo inclined to palliate the faults of others; in ſhort, ſo completely *amiable*, I would give my conſent to your being married to-morrow. If you throw yourſelf away upon a huſband who has none of his good qualities, you will have every reaſon for ſelf-reproach; for you will act in oppoſition to your own ſenſe of propriety and delicacy of feeling, and againſt the whole current of your education—you will be the cauſe of your own miſery—and you will break my heart.

But if you can collect from theſe hints what kind of a partner for life you ought to prefer, and ſuch a man ſhould be the object

of

of your choice, you will make *three* perſons happy—your *huſband*, your *father*, and *yourſelf*. Conſider therefore the extenſive good or evil you have it in your power to produce, and let your own judgment concur with my wiſhes in regard to your taking a ſtep of all the moſt important in your life.

END OF THE LETTERS.

CHAP. XIX.

What Nymph is that with wild voluptuous eyes
And deeply crimſon'd cheeks, whoſe ivory forehead
The peacock's plumage ſhades, whoſe flowing veſt
Shines with the rainbow colours of the ſky?
She waves in either hand a lucid mirror,
Where dance gay images of joy and love
Deluſive, flattering only to betray:
'Tis *Fiction*—Hence begone, thou fell enchantreſs,
Nor tempt me thus to tread thy magic circle;
But rather *Truth*, thou white-rob'd guide conduct me
To yonder rock, where ſtands thy ſacred Temple;
Teach me the leſſons of Experience old,
And uſeful Wiſdom; teach me how to tread
The mazy path of life's dark wilderneſs,
And reach the Heav'n, from whence thou art deſcended. A.

At the time the correſpondence between Emily and her father commenced, no perſon, in all Mrs. Wilſon's circle of acquaintance, ſolicited Emily's attention and friendſhip with more

more eagerneſs than Miſs Caroline Sparks, the young lady alluded to in the letter on *Friendſhip*. She had been placed at a faſhionable boarding ſchool, where ſhe would probably have made ſome progreſs in uſeful knowledge and accompliſhments, had not her mother indulged her to a very culpable degree. Not a week paſſed but ſhe paid her daughter a viſit at ſchool, and gave her what money ſhe aſked for, or ſent for her home, and pampered her with every luxury of the table. Caroline always took this opportunity of complaining of the ſevere reſtraints under which ſhe was kept by her governeſs and the teachers, and her exaggerated tales were too readily believed by her fond and credulous mother. The conſequence was, ſhe was taken home, and was ſoon allowed to obtain the aſcendancy over all the domeſtics. When the leaſt oppoſition was urged againſt her wiſhes, ſhe feigned a headach, or acted an hyſteric fit, and her mother, who was always alarmed for the ſtate of her health, although without ſufficient reaſon, in a ſhort

a ſhort time yielded every thing to her will, and a tear or a ſcream would gain any indulgence ſhe wiſhed—Her mother became her ſlave, and the ſervants were reprimanded, or even diſcharged, in compliance with her caprice.

The only purſuit to which Mrs. Sparks could perſuade her daughter to pay the ſmalleſt attention was Muſic:—for this Caroline had neither genius nor taſte; but, as her mother repreſented to her that Muſic was now the univerſal rage, and all the young ladies of her acquaintance were ſtudying counterpoint, and warbling Italian airs, Caroline was prevailed upon to take a certain number of leſſons upon the piano every week. This was her oſtenſible occupation, but her favourite and private purſuit was to read every novel ſhe could procure. Novels put her whole mind in agitation; they were her ſtudy by day, and the ſubjects of her dreams by night. She was faſcinated with the deſcriptions of gothic caſtles and haunted towers, and wept over the diſtreſſes of faithful

ful lovers and perfecuted damfels; fhe thought perfons with fuch highly-founding names as *Somerville*, *Turretville*, *Roſeville*, or *Lorimon*; *Iſabinda*, *Honorina*, *Julietta*, or *Roſella*, all which fhe had met with in her favourite novels, were the moſt peerleſs, perfect, and charming beings in the world; and that if fhe could meet with fuch a friend as a *Meleſtina*, or a *Margaritta*, or fuch a lover as *Fitzormond*, fhe could not fail to paſs all her hours in fupreme felicity.

Her mind was brought into a ſtate ſo pliant and ſuſceptible, as to be deeply affected by every deſcription of fictitious woe: every novel that had the title of *Sorrows* to recommend it, was particularly welcome: fhe began her career with the Sorrows of Werter: in the courſe of reading it fhe bedewed many a handkerchief with her tears; and fhe proceeded in a regular flow of ſympathetic diſtreſs through the Sorrows of *Edith*, the Sorrows of *Matilda*, and the Sorrows of *Love*.

She

She felt the more bewitching influence of thoſe titles to novels, that had the epithet *myſterious* annexed to them. The "myſterious Penitent," and "the myſterious Friendſhip," were objects of her very diligent reſearch; but her curioſity was raiſed to the higheſt pitch by "the myſterious Viſitor," and "the myſterious Count."

Many a midnight hour did Caroline devote to this deluſive and pernicious kind of reading, and often did the wick of her candle increaſe to a groteſque figure, and great length, from her mind being completely engaged by the intereſting detail of fanciful adventures. Once ſhe fell aſleep in bed, and left her candle burning ſo near the curtains, as to endanger the houſe and her own life at the ſame time. A ſervant fortunately entering the room prevented any accident; and her own terrors, rather than the remonſtrances of her mother, put her upon her guard againſt any ſimilar danger.

Emily often talked to her of the real pleaſure and ſolid improvement ſhe derived from reading

reading books of history and biography; but the cloying sweets of romance had destroyed Caroline's relish for every kind of plain narrative—that was a dish far too insipid for her refined taste: she thought even newspapers extremely dull, except when they conveyed intelligence of elopements, or advertisements of new novels. Her whole thoughts turned upon the fictitious and the sentimental; and she would have given the world, if at her disposal, to trace in Switzerland the scenes described in Rousseau's Eloise, and to read St. Preux's Letter to his Charmer, among the rocks of Meillerie.

"I cannot imagine," said Caroline to Emily, "how you, who now move in the fashionable circle of life, can be so much led away by what is commonly called Charity, as it is really a very plebeian virtue—you should suppress its unfashionable influence, and aspire to sweet and stylish sensibility. I observed you yesterday giving money to a poor girl who sold matches, and a tear started from your eye when you relieved a soldier's

ſoldier's widow, who told you her huſband had fallen in the ſervice of his king and country: but, my dear Emily, leave ſuch wretched creatures to the humanity of the pariſh officers, and make a more genteel uſe of your money by ſubſcribing, as I do, to two or three circulating libraries."

Emily expreſſed great ſurprize that Caroline could feel any *real* pleaſure in the peruſal of ſuch affected deſcriptions, as ſet nature and ſimplicity at defiance; and when Caroline ſtill preſſed her to peruſe ſome of theſe faſcinating works, Emily finding it vain to attempt to laugh her friend out of her romantic humour, aſſured her, with a ſerious air, that ſhe confined her reading to books recommended by her father and Dr. Marriot, and that they were both averſe to the indiſcriminate peruſal of novels.

"You are then," ſaid Caroline, with a frown, and in a peeviſh manner, "a girl of no ſpirit—your mode of thinking is contracted—very contracted indeed; and as you make ſuch a point of being guided by parſons,

parſons, and thoſe who think like parſons, I ſhall not be much ſurprized if you one day turn Methodiſt, and marry ſome "ſpiritual Quixote."

Emily was piqued at the inſinuation, imagining it might be aimed at Edward Marriot—"You are too ſevere," ſaid ſhe, "in your remarks upon my friends, who are ſo kind as to give me their advice: I ought to be grateful to them for turning my attention to ſomething better than thoſe romantic ſcenes and characters with which novels have filled your head: if you draw your ideas of lovers from them, you are, no doubt, upon the tiptoe of expectation for ſome lord or colonel to come and throw himſelf at your feet, and vow eternal conſtancy and love.—You ſay my mode of thinking is very contracted: I am ſure your conduct better deſerves that expreſſion, for you ſeem to think of no one but yourſelf: Do you not deprive both your mother and me of your company for many hours in a day to indulge the ſelfiſh pleaſure of reading theſe deluſive books?"

Caroline

Caroline was hurt at this remark, for ſhe loved Emily: a tear ſtarted into her eye—

Emily perceived it, and ſeized her hand—"My dear," ſaid ſhe, "it is far from my wiſh to make you uneaſy: let not, I beſeech you, any thing I have ſaid upon this ſubject interrupt the harmony ſo dear to us both: I hope that whatever fictions your favourite novels may contain, they at leaſt aſſure you of this truth—that Friendſhip is eſſential to happineſs, and that ſlight differences of opinion, like the breeze that fans the flame, ſerve not to extinguiſh, but to increaſe its power."

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

The demon Flattery plays his fraudful part,
And ſpreads his ſnares to catch the female heart;
He tells the nymph the Graces all combine
Their matchleſs pow'rs to mould her form divine;
Where'er ſhe roves, birds warble from the ſpray,
And roſes bloom to deck her airy way:
He talks of chryſtal ſtreams, and myrtle groves,
The bow'rs of Venus, and her ſnowy doves:
Beware—Deception lurks beneath the ſtrain,
Falſe as the ſyren, fickle as the main—— A.

As French emigrants of a genteel appearance have eaſily found admiſſion into Engliſh ſociety, it is not to be ſuppoſed a lady of Mrs. Wilſon's faſhion would exclude them from her parties. The Count de Malmaiſon readily accepted her frequent invitations. He had loſt, amid the tumults of the French Revolution,

Revolution, all his property, except a ſmall penſion; but his misfortunes abated very little of his natural vivacity.

Gay and frivolous, he talked of every thing, and thought ſeriouſly of nothing; a game at billiards or cards, drawing a pattern for a lady, or playing a tune on his flute, were ſufficient to baniſh from his mind every irkſome idea, and he found in theſe amuſements ſuch reſources againſt the ſenſe of his loſſes, as an Engliſhman ſometimes ſeeks ineffectually in reflection.

His vanity was, if poſſible, more than Gallican; for he flattered himſelf that he was an irreſiſtible object of love to every lady who ſaw him, although his perſon was far from being very handſome, or his manners the moſt elegant. When he firſt came to England he had figured at Bath; but ſeveral debts incurred at play, and the importunities of his tradeſmen, obliged him to quit that place with more expedition than credit.

In London he shone in a new sphere, and at Mrs. Wilson's displayed his snuff-boxes, watch, seals, rings, pocket-books, and tooth-pick cases, more to his own gratification, than the wonder of the beholders. He talked of the splendour of his chateau, and the extent of his domains: he boasted that his best gold snuff-box was presented to him by a fair Countess, whose miniature graced the lid—that his Geneva watch was a present from a noble Duke, his intimate friend; and that he had a sword given to him by the late King of France. Although he would have been ready to challenge any one who denied the French language to be the finest in the world, his gallantry induced him to learn English, solely, as he professed, to comply with the prejudices of the ladies.

The Count soon attracted the attention of Miss Sparks; nor was the Count less favourably impressed—but not with her extreme sensibility, or her romantic turn of mind, no—he had inducements of a less sentimental,

mental, and more ſordid kind to cultivate her acquaintance. Common report had told him, that ſhe was heireſs to a large fortune, and he calculated that by marrying her he might be ſupplied with the means to free himſelf from his embarraſſments, and poſſibly by advancing a ſum of money recover his chateau. All his addreſs and caution were employed to prevent Miſs Sparks and her friends from being acquainted with the real ſtate of his affairs.

In a ſhort time he induced the too credulous Caroline to believe, ſhe had made the conqueſt of his heart. He beguiled her imagination, he flattered her vanity, and ſhe could think of nothing but that the ideal happineſs ſhe had ſo often pictured to herſelf would at laſt be realized; ſhe therefore liſtened with the greateſt delight to the Count, when he declared his paſſion to her, and throwing himſelf into a theatrical attitude, and catching a glance at his own dear figure in the looking-glaſs, ſaid, "Ma belle ange, if you will honour me with the acceptance

of my propoſals, I will convey you, immemediately after our matrimonial union, to the Chateau de Malmaiſon, delightfully ſituated upon the flowery banks of the murmuring Loire: we will travel in a chariot decorated with our united arms, and drawn by four milk-white horſes, a band of muſic ſhall announce your arrival at my palace, a numerous retinue of ſervants in ſplendid liveries ſhall attend you, garlands of the faireſt flowers ſhall be preſented to you by the tenants of the domain, and you ſhall be crowned the queen of the vintage."

Eager to marry her for the ſake of her ſuppoſed large fortune, he continued thus to urge his ſuit in a manner very artfully adapted to her turn of mind. A difficulty however ſtood in the way of his wiſhes; Caroline wanted a year to complete her minority, and her guardian, Mr. Aaron Conſol, a ſhrewd citizen of London, would not give his conſent to the match, as he had an inveterate prejudice againſt all Frenchmen, and had not the higheſt opinion of the Count's

veracity.

veracity. The Count's creditors became every day more preſſing in their demands; what expedient was to be adopted to ſave himſelf from priſon, but to obtain the fortune by ſecuring the lady who would ere long be in poſſeſſion of it?

An excurſion to Gretna Green was the ſtep that appeared to him the moſt eligible. Caroline regardleſs of the imprudence and folly of ſuch a meaſure, without conſidering the ſhortneſs of her acquaintance with him, and having received no other proofs of his truth and ſincerity than his own proteſtations, was delighted with the plan the moment it was ſuggeſted to her, as it was ſo romantic, and therefore ſo perfectly congenial to her wiſhes. She at firſt indeed concealed her joy, expreſſed ſurprize at the ſtrange propoſal; but he continued to importune her, till at length ſhe conſented to an elopement. One afternoon, when her mother was going to a card-party, ſhe feigned indiſpoſition to avoid attending her, ſent the ſervants out of the houſe on various errands, and in an evil

hour

hour flew off with the Count in a chaiſe and four.

High as were her ſpirits for the firſt ſtage or two, they gradually ſunk as ſhe proceeded on the road. The length of the journey of three hundred miles allowed her full time to reflect upon her indiſcretion, and the extreme impropriety of a young girl truſting herſelf alone to a man, a ſtranger, and a foreigner, powerfully ſtruck her mind. The rude ſtare of the innkeepers and the impertinence of the waiters ſhocked her delicacy. The proſpect of a ſtrange and wild country, the lofty mountains and the gloomy plains upon the confines of England and Scotland, ſeemed to frown upon her, and gave her a preſentiment of evil. The weather was cold and comfortleſs, and ſhe began to wiſh herſelf at home again, where ſhe could enjoy the ſociety of her mother, and her friend Emily, and extract the luxury of imaginary bliſs from the peruſal of ſome new novel.

The Count obſerved her riſing anxiety, and tried every method in his power to

diſpel

diſpel it; he laughed, and ſung, and he laboured to beguile the long journey by giving a jocoſe turn to every incident, that occurred on the road: he told her a hundred marvellous anecdotes of himſelf and his family, and a thouſand times profeſſed his moſt ardent and unalterable affection.

At laſt after a harraſſing journey, in the courſe of which the Count often wiſhed, that the jaded poſt horſes were converted into "fiery-footed ſteeds," they paſſed Carliſle, and reached the little village of Gretna; diſtinguiſhed on the diſtant and dreary plain by a clump of fir trees. Here they were received, not by a regular Divine, in a ſurplice, but by a vulgar fiſherman dreſſed in an old blue coat, who performed the marriage ceremony for twenty guineas, and a bottle of whiſky.

The return to London formed a ſtrong contraſt to their flight to Scotland. The Count cloſely queſtioned his bride as to her expected fortune, and he was aſtoniſhed to hear from her own lips, that it was much

leſs

leſs than half the ſum which common report had aſſigned to her.

On their way to Gretna Green he had with the moſt ſedulous attention procured every delicacy of the table to pleaſe his fair companion; but on their return, his tone and temper were changed; he complained of the extortion of the innkeepers, and ſullenly recommended her to be ſatisfied with the moſt common fare; the warmeſt profeſſions of love were changed into coldneſs and indifference; and ſhe was too ſoon convinced that Plutus, and not Cupid, had excited his mercenary attachment.

This elopement afforded a copious ſubject for converſation in Mrs. Wilſon's circle of acquaintance. That lady, with her uſual want of candour, hinted that Emily was concerned in the plot, but ſhe could bring no proofs to juſtify her inſinuations. Emily certainly ſuſpected that Caroline was attached to the Count, but ſhe had never given the leaſt encouragement to her converſation upon the ſubject.

On

On the return of the Count and his Lady to London, they took lodgings in a part of the town remote from his former dwelling; his prudence or rather his fears ſuggeſted this change of reſidence, but his creditors ſoon traced him out, they cloſely beſieged his door, and as their importunities increaſed, he became more petulant and querulous; he reproached poor Caroline with her want of means to extricate from his embarraſſments the man ſhe profeſſed to love, and attempted to raiſe money upon the reverſion of her fortune; but in vain—not a a ſingle advertiſing money lender could be found to advance a guinea upon ſuch precarious expectations. The projects of ideal happineſs were changed for real diſtreſs: the Count was the victim of diſappointed avarice, and the Counteſs had been the dupe of his groſs flattery, and her own romantic fancies.

An event ſoon occurred, which produced their laſting ſeparation. The Count became an object of ſuſpicion to Government, and from

from ſome expreſſions in his letters to his friends in France, which were opened at the Poſt Office, there were grounds for thinking him a ſpy. The Alien Bill was therefore enforced againſt him, and he was compelled to leave England. He did not once aſk the Counteſs to accompany him, and never repeated his romantic deſcription of the flowery banks of the Loire; but quitted London without taking leave, or even writing to her. Thus he behaved with a degree of neglect and indifference, that proved his heart to be totally devoid of affection.

CHAP-

CHAPTER XXI.

The richeſt ſoil will be o'ergrown with weeds,
Wanting the plough, and ſeed of cultivation:
What weeds ſo rank or ſo luxuriant,
As the wild produce of the youthful mind! A.

Conspicuous among the company that viſited Mrs. Wilſon was Sir Lionel Wager. His exceſſive vanity led him to aſpire to the title of Knight, which he obtained, not long after he came of age. His father, a London citizen, had brought him up in the enjoyment of every indulgence, under a miſtaken notion that he was a prodigy of genius and wit. From the different ſchools to which he was for a ſhort time ſent, he brought away nothing but an improved propenſity to vice, and a fondneſs for every thing expenſive.

ſive. On the death of his parents he ſuc ceeded to a fortune, which allowed him an ample range for extravagance. His whole conduct ſhowed the ill effects of a bad diſpoſition favoured in all its tendencies by a neglected education.

From the low company he kept, he imbibed many corrupt notions, of which none was more pernicious than that which led him to conclude, that if he did but preſerve the *appearance* of a gentleman, the reality was of no importance.

Rather handſome in his perſon, and plauſible in his general converſation, he was pleaſing on a firſt viſit; but this prepoſſeſſion was ſhort-lived, as he wanted ſincerity, the radical excellence of a virtuous mind. As many profane expletives, commonly called *oaths*, were intermixed with almoſt every ſentence he pronounced, the ſerious and the truly polite could not fail to be diſguſted at him; he however perſevered in the practice, becauſe he vainly imagined it might

paſs

pass for wit, and give him the appearance of manliness and courage.

The sphere in which he moved when he first succeeded to his fortune, consistently enough with this vulgar and impious habit of swearing, was in stables or on betting-stands, among grooms, horse-dealers, and black legs. To buy a horse cheap, and to sell one dear, were the favourite objects of his ambition; upon the turf at New Market and Brighton he was well known; and sometimes habited as a complete jockey, the Knight rode his own horses for large stakes. It was reported he had fought a duel, in consequence of a quarrel at a billiard table; but he did not gain much credit to his courage by this rencontre, as at the first fire of his pistol, a circumstance rather ludicrous occurred—his hand trembled so much, that he wounded himself in the foot; and the seconds, fearing similar mischief in case he repeated his fire, persuaded him to appease his antagonist, by making him a very ample apology.

By

By the time Sir Lionel was thirty years of age, he had ſuſtained ſo many loſſes upon the turf, that he found it prudent to quit his old aſſociates, reduce his eſtabliſhment of horſes and ſervants, and take lodgings in London. He raiſed a ſum of ready money by granting annuities upon his eſtates, and reſolved to marry a lady, whoſe fortune would redeem him from the hands of the Jews. Common report, which like a ſnow-ball always accumulates in its progreſs, had conveyed to him an exaggerated account of Colonel Lorton's eſtate, he thought it therefore would prove an excellent ſpeculation to ſecure Emily Lorton as his wife.

To accompliſh this object, he determined to ſpare no pains; and rarely have ingenuity of contrivance, and perſeverance in a favourite purſuit, been more cloſely united than in the whole career of his inſidious conduct.

It was one of Sir Lionel's profligate opinions, "that gold could open the way to the conqueſt of every heart, and that no mortal

mortal could reſiſt the influence of bribery," provided it was made to aſſume a form, and dreſs, adapted to the wants and wiſhes of its object. He had been too fortunate in his application of this notion to the ſelfiſh and ſordid perſons, among whom he had chiefly lived, not to be confident of its univerſal ſucceſs. He found, however, that like an arrow ſhot againſt a rock of adamant, his attack in whatever mode directed, made little or no impreſſion upon a pure and well principled mind.

He ſuſpected, that although Emily made a very genteel appearance, her allowance was inſufficient to enable her to enter into all the faſhionable expenſes ſhe wiſhed: he therefore buſied his ingenuity to diſcover thoſe articles of elegance and ornament ſhe moſt deſired, and he flattered himſelf, that preſents judiciouſly applied would be caught at with eagerneſs, and infallibly win her affections.

She wiſhed to go occaſionally to public places; he therefore offered her tickets for balls,

balls, concerts, and plays: he brought bracelets, ear-rings, and necklaces for her choice, and at the ſame time pointed out ladies of their acquaintance, and made her acknowledge their beauty was heightened by theſe faſhionable ornaments, that ſhe might think them equally becoming if worn by herſelf.

The converſation ſometimes turned upon horſe-exerciſe. Emily adverted to the pleaſure ſhe uſed to enjoy in Cumberland, where riding on her favourite poney, ſhe traverſed the mountains with her father. Sir Lionel took the hint, his horſes were paraded in the ſquare, in view of the ladies. Emily's attention was caught by a favourite Galloway, beautiful in colour, quiet in temper, and perfect in all paces. Sir Lionel took pains to inform Emily, how greatly it was admired, and how much it was worth. He firſt tried to raiſe her wiſhes, and pretended he had partly agreed to ſell it to a lady of quality; and then to excite an agreeable and flattering ſurpriſe, offered to make her a preſent of it.

Theſe

Theſe offers Emily always mentioned to Mrs. Wilſon, as ſoon as they were made, and ſhe accepted a trifling preſent or two of a ticket for a concert, or a little muſic, more in conſequence of her encouragement, and the Knight's importunity, than her own wiſhes. Her daily increaſing ſcruples as to the propriety of acceptance were confirmed by the following incident.

Sir Lionel, who was a perfect Proteus of complaiſance, when he found Emily was fond of muſic, pretended to be its warmeſt admirer. She complained, in his preſence, of the badneſs of her harp. "That inconvenience," ſaid he, with his uſual ſpecious addreſs, "I can eaſily remove; my friend Lady C— has juſt given me the beſt Erard ever made—it is much at your ſervice—I have heard her Ladyſhip play upon it a hundred times, ſo that I well know its tone to be charming, I will ſend it to you to-morrow; allow me only to ſee you when playing, and hear you accompany one of your favourite airs, and I ſhall be amply re-

paid for my preſent, if it was worth a hundred guineas more than it is."

Conſcious of the compliment, Emily bluſhed, and with her uſual diffidence and delicacy declined the preſent: the next day a new and ſplendid harp was brought by a porter to the houſe, and he had ſtrict orders to leave a bill with it. This circumſtance appeared very ſtrange to Emily. The bill was addreſſed to Sir Lionel, and amounted to eighty guineas. About an hour after, ſhe received a note from the Knight, expreſſing a hope, that his friend Lady C— had ſent the harp, and that Emily was pleaſed with its elegant ornaments and fine tones.

Falſhood, to be ſucceſsful, requires a diſguiſe: if artifice does not lend it a handſome maſk, its viſage of native deformity is inſtantly diſcovered, and it fails in its power of deception.

Sir Lionel was in this inſtance off his guard; he had neglected the proper precaution of ſending the harp from any place to

to Mrs. Wilſon's, rather than from a muſic ſhop, where his ſervant had ordered it, and certainly had not ordered the bill to be ſent with it; for there was nothing of which the Knight had a greater abhorrence than of a bill—except of the tradeſman who brought it.

CHAPTER XXII.

A very ſhort time after Emily had ſent back the harp with a polite note, another ſtratagem was practiſed, and the Knight and his faithful ally Mrs. Wilſon flattered themſelves with complete ſucceſs from its execution.

Mrs. Wilſon, deſirous to keep up appearances, never introduced Emily into her gaming parties, except when they conſiſted of her moſt genteel acquaintance. She then recommended the amuſements of Faro, Speculation, or Vingt un, with remarking, that every female who aſpired to notice in a faſhionable circle, indulged in a little play of this kind. One unfortunate evening, ſhe teized Emily ſo much, at a time when the reſt of the company were preparing to gamble,

and

and when by excluding herſelf ſhe would have been a marked object of ſingularity, perhaps of ridicule, that ſhe was induced, however reluctantly, to comply. She played at the ſame table with Mrs. Wilſon and the Knight, and was *at firſt* ſucceſsful: they congratulated her on her good fortune, and adviſed her to purſue it: after various turns of chance, ſhe roſe from the table with the loſs of a hundred guineas to the Knight. He pretended to treat the ſum as a mere trifle, and told her with an affected ſmile of complaiſance, ſhe might ſettle it whenever ſhe pleaſed.

The next morning at breakfaſt, Mrs. Wilſon, who well knew how to act her part, talked gravely to her on the ſubject; and as it was a debt of honour tried to convince her, that ſhe was under the greateſt obligation to the *generous* Knight, for not demanding inſtant payment; inſinuating, that a lady ought to be particularly grateful to a gentleman for ſuch forbearance.

In

In the courſe of the ſame day, Emily received a note from the Knight, requeſting her in cold and formal terms to pay him the money, ſtating as an apology, that a ſimilar demand had juſt been made upon him. On conſulting Mrs. Wilſon, that lady ſaid, ſhe felt deeply for the Knight's ſituation, and was ſorry it was not in her power to relieve Emily from her embarraſſment.

As this laſt project had ſucceeded ſo well, by bringing Emily into a ſtate of dependance on Sir Lionel, he ſhortly came to a full explanation of his wiſhes. He wrote her a letter, offering her marriage; his expreſſions were lofty and confident, as if he preſumed ſhe could not refuſe him.

This important affair ſhe immediately communicated to Mrs. Wilſon, and to her no ſmall mortification found that lady a warm advocate for the Knight's propoſal. The reaſon ſhe had encouraged him in every ſtage of his artful conduct was, ſhe had herſelf loſt a very conſiderable ſum to him

at

at play; and as it was not in her power to pay him, ſhe wiſhed to preclude his ſolicitations, for ſome time at leaſt, by this baſe ſacrifice of the young friend, who had been placed under her protection, to the wants produced by her extravagance.

Mrs. Wilſon, in her converſation with Emily upon this ſubject, at firſt aſſumed a mild tone and a conciliating air: "I am happy," ſaid ſhe, ſmiling, "to congratulate you on ſuch a conqueſt—the Knight is a man of family, fortune, and faſhion; you cannot be inſenſible to his perſonal recommendations—with what grace he enters a room, and how well he dances! All the girls admire him, and any of them would be proud of ſuch an alliance: conſider, my dear, the notice you will attract as the Lady of Sir Lionel, the genteel ſtile in which you will live, and the precedence you will be entitled to—but you look grave, inſtead of being overjoyed at this proſpect of happineſs and high life—what objection can you poſſibly have to ſo eligible a proſpect?

"If,"

"If," replied Emily, with ſome heſitation, "I do not view Sir Lionel in the ſame light as thoſe ladies who think him ſo agreeable, I may perhaps be cenſured for a want of taſte. In my opinion, the nobleſt graces of perſon can never compenſate the defects of the mind. That he is *handſome* I allow; but I cannot think him *amiable;* for is he not haſty in his temper, and prophane in his language? Is he not very artful too? and that he has a proper regard for truth I can never imagine, till I forget the affair of the *harp.* Is ſuch a man ſincere in his profeſſions, or will he be faithful to his engagements? From the haughty manner in which he offers me his hand, I am certain I do not ſtand very high in his eſteem; and he has been ſinking lower in my opinion, ever ſince he endeavoured, by forcing his preſents upon me, to bribe my affections; and has inveigled me—has been encouraged to inveigle me into his debt."

The tears that ſtarted from her eyes as ſhe pronounced theſe laſt words, were the expreſſions

expreſſions of ſuch anguiſh as only wounds the breaſts of thoſe, who feel the keeneſt ſenſe of unmerited injury.

Mrs. Wilſon was too much piqued by the alluſion conveyed in the word *encouraged*, and too conſcious of deſerving it not to be very highly incenſed.

Yet affecting to be ſtately and diſpaſſionate, "Miſs Lorton," ſaid ſhe, "I believe I underſtand you, but I diſdain to refute your pert inſinuations, or give myſelf the trouble to remove your ſilly objections to an alliance, of which you, of all the girls I know, ought to be moſt proud; but be aſſured of this—If you are ſo perverſe as to refuſe the worthy Knight's offer, he will expoſe you to diſgrace and ſhame, as you are unable to get out of his debt. With regard to myſelf, depend upon me, I will purſue," continued ſhe, ſhaking her head, and pointing her finger at poor Emily, as in ſcorn,—"I will purſue every method to render you ſorry for your folly, and make you ſenſible, that if you oppoſe my wiſhes, you will have

have nothing to expect but my determined reſentment; and recollect Miſs Lorton—recollect, I ſay—the effects of that reſentment may be extended to *other* perſons of your family, as well as to yourſelf."

Thus ſhe endeavoured to frighten Emily into a compliance with her will. The inſolence and cruelty of the cloſe of this ſpeech were aggravated by the frowns of the ſpeaker, and her haughty air. Every word gave a wound to poor Emily's mind, particularly the cruel inſinuation conveyed againſt her father. She was ready to faint with vexation. She made ſome efforts to reply—ineffectual ones indeed, for ſobs of diſtreſs checked her utterance: could ſhe have ſummoned ſufficient courage ſhe would inſtantly have quitted the room, and even the houſe. Fortunately for the relief of her tortured feelings, Mrs. Wilſon retired, but not without a frown of indignation, and left her to her tears.

On this trying occaſion, Emily found no reſource ſo prompt, no balm ſo ſoothing to her

her wounded mind, as writing to her father to inform him of Mrs. Wilſon's conduct, and of her debt to the Knight, with an earneſt requeſt to take her home immediately. She was, however, under the neceſſity of waiting ſome time before ſhe received an anſwer to her letter.

The delay was cauſed by the tardy progreſs of the poſt; the winter was ſevere, the roads were in the worſt ſtate for travelling, and the paſſes of the northern mountains were obſtructed by deep ſnow. This gloomy interval afforded ſcope for the exerciſe of patience, a virtue which had its full influence over Emily's mind. She neither ſunk into ſullen apathy, nor was ſhe excited by anger to acts of indiſcretion: ſhe was neither fretful in the company of Mrs. Wilſon, nor petulant to the ſervants: over her features was thrown the expreſſion of ſorrow, but not of reſentment. To the violent language of Mrs. Wilſon ſhe either made no reply, or returned gentle anſwers.

When

When retired from company she had leisure to contemplate the past; she saw no subject for self-reproach; she regarded her present state of suffering as one of those unavoidable trials of temper, to which every person is liable. It was a cloud over her head, which poured down a temporary storm; but the distant prospect was bright and cheering. Her meekness, contrasted with Mrs. Wilson's violence, displayed Emily's character in a new light, and proved her to be influenced by that "long-suffering" and "patient endurance" of evil, which are "the ornaments of a meek and quiet spirit"—the distinguishing graces of a true Christian.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

———— The ſpurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes.
SHAKESPEARE.

AT the time this unpleaſant converſation between Emily and Mrs. Wilſon took place, Edward Marriot came to paſs a few days with a friend in London. Deſirous to ſee Emily in preference to any object the metropolis held out to attract him, he called at Mrs. Wilſon's, where he was ſternly informed by the porter, who had received particular inſtructions from his miſtreſs, that the ladies were not at home. Mrs. Wilſon had heard of his attachment to Emily, and took every method in her power to put an end to it.

When

When ſhe was informed that the Rev. Edward Marriot had left his card at her houſe, ſhe told Emily ſhe hoped ſhe did not care the flirt of a fan for ſuch a ruſtic, particularly as ſhe could now command the attentions of a young man of the firſt faſhion. "I ſhall order my porter," ſaid ſhe ſcornfully, "to receive no more of his impertinent cards; and I am aſtoniſhed how the low bred ſon of a north country parſon can dare to take ſuch liberties with his ſuperiors—but enough of ſuch a Cumberland reptile—why ſhould I ſay more of one who is totally unknown in every circle of faſhion?"

Yet notwithſtanding this averſion of Mrs. Wilſon to Edward, he had the good fortune to meet with Emily at the Opera: his pleaſure was ſhort, and not without a mixture of mortification: ſhe was ſurrounded by a large party, and among them was the Knight, practiſing all his addreſs and arts of converſation to fix her attention upon himſelf.

Edward's

Edward's obſervations upon the Opera were ſuch as may be expected from a young man, a ſtranger to the refinements of the faſhionable world, and an enthuſiaſtic reader of Sophocles and Shakeſpeare. Such were his prejudices in favour of dramatic propriety, that it was difficult to make him admire the lover who courted his miſtreſs in recitative, or applaud the heroes who fought in cadences, and died in bravuras. He obſerved that the audience attended little to the dialogue, either becauſe there was nothing in it worth their notice, or they did not underſtand the Italian language: no one expreſſed the leaſt intereſt in the ſtory or fate of *Didone abandonata*; the only circumſtance which ſuſpended the chat of ſome of the faſhionables, or awakened others from their ſtate of torpor or apathy, was an air ſung by Graſſini, or a dance performed by Pariſot.

"What opinion," ſaid Edward, "am I to form of *their* taſte, who laviſh that applauſe upon dancers, which is only due to

ſuch

ſuch performers as a Siddons, a Jordan, a Kemble, a Cooke, and a Banniſter, who can give life, ſpirit and intereſt to the beſt dramatic productions? Dancing, I allow, is an elegant accompliſhment; but upon the Opera ſtage it loſes its moſt becoming graces, for there agility of motion borders upon diſtortion of limbs, and the looſe and ſcanty attire of the Corps de Ballet ſets modeſty at defiance. In ſhort, the whole ſyſtem of the Opera ſeems to me to be a ſplendid burleſque of theatrical repreſentation; there is nothing in it to inſtruct the head, or to intereſt the heart. It is an exotic not worth tranſplanting into an Engliſh ſoil; it may ſuit the ſqueamiſh taſte of the enervated and degenerate Italians; but it is as meagre and unſubſtantial food for Britiſh minds, as macaroni and olives are for our bodies."

Edward found with difficulty an opportunity of aſſuring Emily how much he had lamented his long abſence from her, and that ever ſince his arrival in London he had made every effort to ſee her. Her looks ſufficiently

ently convinced him, ſhe was not inclined to doubt his aſſertions—ſhe would have been happy to converſe with him more; but this was out of her power; the tattling of the party was inceſſant, the Knight perſevered in his attentions to Emily, Mrs. Wilſon frowned and looked diſdainfully upon Edward, and wiſhing to prevent his farther converſation, hurried away her party from the Opera the moment the ballet was concluded.

On Edward's return to his friend's houſe, he found a letter from his father upon a very important ſubject. He informed him that he had been fortunate enough to procure for him the appointment of chaplain to a line of battle ſhip, which was ordered to join the fleet of Lord Keith, then going to ſail to the coaſt of Egypt. In this letter his father hinted in affectionate terms that there was an abſolute neceſſity for him to provide for himſelf by this method, the only one in his power to command, and that he had ex-

hauſted all his little ſtock of intereſt to obtain the appointment.

The concluding words of his letter were particularly impreſſive. "As," ſaid Dr. Marriot, "the ſight of my eyes begins to fail me, I may ſoon find it neceſſary to give up my ſchool, and perhaps the ſervice of my church. Will not my beloved Edward therefore be happy to place himſelf in a ſituation, where he may render me ſuch aſſiſtance, as, from the ſcanty pittance of my hardly-earned income, I have ſupplied to him for the completion of his education at the univerſity."

Tears of affection flowed down Edward's cheeks when he peruſed theſe words, and his immediate anſwer conveyed an aſſurance at once prompt and poſitive, that compliance with his father's requeſt was the moſt ardent object of his deſires.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

Love ſtrives to bind me in his roſy wreathes;
But Duty calls me with imperious voice,
To go where Glory leads the rugged way;
Shall I then ſink into the lap of Eaſe,
Forgetful of the lore, that Wiſdom taught me?
Or be the noble victor of myſelf,
And triumph o'er temptation?—— A.

When the time of the departure of Edward approached, one melancholy thought, more than all others, damped his ardour for the voyage. He was going to quit his native country, perhaps for ever, and was he to leave it without bidding adieu to Emily? The idea wounded him with ſuch keenneſs, that it was inſupportable: he haſtened therefore to Mrs. Wilſon's, and when he came

there, he obſerved her carriage ſtanding at the door, and the coachman informed him, that he was waiting for the ladies. With a quickly palpitating heart he entered the veſtibule; for the door was open, as if the ladies were juſt coming out.

Emily herſelf made her appearance. She was dreſſed with her uſual taſte and ſimplicity, and looked with an air of penſiveneſs, that gave a peculiar intereſt to the angelic expreſſion of her face. With an airy ſtep ſhe came gliding forward.—When ſhe firſt ſaw Edward, ſhe was ſtartled, and ſurprize, mixed with joy, ſparkled in her eyes. Edward, delighted at a meeting as deſirable as fortunate, ſprung forward, and claſping both her hands—"O Miſs Lorton," ſaid he, "pardon my intruſion, and grant me, I conjure you, by that benevolence which ever reigns in your boſom, a few minutes converſation in private."

She looked conſent, and he handed her into the next room. His heart was too full merely to confine himſelf to the propoſed farewell;

farewell; it overflowed in his ardent expreſſions; the time, the place, her engaging manner, ſeemed all propitious to his wiſhes, and he made a full declaration of his paſſion. His voice indeed often faultered, and his ſentences were broken and incomplete, but ſuch is the nature and ſuch is the eloquence of love.

"I forgot," continued he, "alas I forgot the intended object of my viſit to you: I am going"—"into Cumberland, I ſuppoſe," interrupted Emily with a ſigh, and a look of tender concern, "to ſee your father."—"I am going," reſumed Edward, "to quit London—to quit England—and perhaps ſhall never, never, ſee you more!"

On his pronouncing theſe laſt words, in a pathetic and tremulous tone, ſhe turned pale, and he led her fainting to a ſopha. On his ringing the bell violently, a ſervant came and brought a glaſs of water, and Edward held it to her pallid lips. While he was thus engaged, Mrs. Wilſon burſt into the room; like a demon of rage ſhe ſtormed, and

and accuſed Edward of an intention to rob her houſe, and carry off Emily by force. Slightly did he regard her vociferations, for Emily, in her preſent diſtreſs, was ſo deeply intereſting, as to ſeem the only perſon in the world deſerving his attention: he hung over her with tenderneſs, as ſhe reclined upon the ſopha, and ſoothed her with the ſweeteſt blandiſhments, like the zephyr of the ſpring fanning the fragrant and newly-blown violet.

The unfeeling Mrs. Wilſon, regardleſs of Emily's ſufferings and tears, hurried her into the carriage, and ordered the coachman, on pain of her ſevereſt diſpleaſure, to drive with all poſſible ſpeed.

"And ſhall I not behold you once more!" exclaimed Edward; "will you not beſtow one more look upon him, who will enjoy that delight, perhaps for the laſt time!" Scarcely had he pronounced theſe words, when he ſaw her graceful form bending from the carriage window; thrice ſhe waved and kiſſed her hand, and threw a glance towards him, which he caught with rapture; it

it was the cordial that revived his ſinking ſpirits, or rather the ray that ſhot a vivid light acroſs the gloom of his deſpondency. Mrs. Wilſon, more enraged with Emily than ever, for this marked attention to Edward, drew up the window in a rage, and the diſconſolate Edward looked after the carriage with eager eyes, till it was loſt in the diſtance.

In a ſtate of moſt painful agitation he returned to his lodgings. His mind reſembled a veſſel toſſed upon a ſtormy ſea, agitated by winds oppoſed to the tide. Love and Duty contended for the empire over his affections, and it was for ſome time uncertain which of theſe potent rivals would gain the aſcendancy.

"Shall I yield," ſaid Edward, "to the influence of my ardent attachment to the moſt amiable of her ſex, and ſhall I not relinquiſh at once my new appointment, and endeavour to gain my fair one's conſent to a clandeſtine marriage? What a ſcene of delight does the proſpect of ſuch an event open to

to me! What heavenly joy ſhould I experience to call Emily mine! Yet let me pauſe—and conſider whether ſuch a meaſure will have the ſanction of Reaſon, or is merely the fond ſuggeſtion of Self-love: what if ſuch happineſs muſt be purchaſed at the expenſe of principle? Is inclination to be allowed to predominate in my mind, and to trample upon the claims of *Duty*, and the ſacred obligation of a *promiſe?* Can I be deaf to the calls of an affectionate father, who has ſubmitted to many a ſevere privation of comfort to ſupply me with luxuries? Shall I aggravate the ſorrows and the infirmities of his declining health by reſiſtance to his advice, and haſten his deſcent in ſorrow, perhaps in penury, to the grave?"

For a moment he pauſed—his mind was torn by contending paſſions; his agitation was violent, but not laſting: he ſhed ſome bitter tears, Reaſon regained her empire, and he reſumed his expoſtulation.

"And

"And ſhould Emily conſent to be mine, ſhall I not expoſe her to the diſpleaſure of her high ſpirited father, incenſed as he will be by her union with one, whom he thinks will tarniſh the luſtre of his antient family? What a deplorable proof ſhall I give of my affection, to make the object of it thus miſerable! Can I therefore cheriſh the thought of purchaſing my own enjoyment at the price of the accumulated pain of thoſe I love and honour? Reaſon and Religion command me to reſiſt ſuch a temptation; and ſevere as are their injunctions, they *ſhall* be obeyed. My Emily! accept my ſighs and my tears, as a tribute of my ardent and unalterable attachment. And O my father, I haſten where you point the way, in confidence, in firmeſt confidence, that my obedience, purchaſed at the price of my heart's moſt beloved deſires, will be acceptable in the ſight of Heaven, and of thee!"

This triumph of duty over love was the more noble and meritorious, becauſe Edward had no friend whoſe advice he could aſk—

aſk—no congenial boſom into which he could pour his ſorrows—no other judgment to aſſiſt his deciſion, and confirm his purpoſe. His determination ſprang from his own unaſſiſted mind: fearful, however, leſt his once-formed reſolution ſhould fail him, if he lingered too long in London, he obeyed the ſummons of the captain, and went immediately on-board his ſhip, juſtly thinking that flight from a ſcene of ſuch attraction is the only method of ſecurity.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XXV.

——————————Young Alonzo
Paſs'd not his days on one ſequeſter'd ſpot,
Fix'd like a plant, and rooted in the earth;
But ſail'd o'er ſtormy ſeas to foreign climes,
There did he read in Life's inſtructive volume,
The manners, virtues, follies of mankind. A.

THE wind was fair for the voyage, the anchor was weighed, the ſails were ſet, and the ſhip impelled by the gale purſued her ſteady courſe. As the white cliffs of England gradually diſappeared, Edward endeavoured to divert his attention from the melancholy thoughts of the friends he had left behind, by mixing in converſation with the Captain and his Officers, and was not a little amuſed with obſerving the rough merriment and jocularity

cularity of the ſailors, who thus beguiled and ſoftened their laborious occupations. The thoughts of his ſeparation from Emily too often occurred to his mind to render his tranquillity in any degree complete, and nothing reconciled him to his abſence more, or ſo gently fanned the flame of his checked but ſtill lively paſſion, as the hope of hearing frequently from her.

The Captain of the ſhip, whoſe name was Wallis, was one of that deſcription which does honour to the Britiſh Navy. To ſay he was generous, candid, and ſincere, is only to attribute to him thoſe qualities which are inſeparable from ſuch true courage as he always diſplayed in the hour of danger. His eſteem for Dr. Marriot, whoſe pupil he had formerly been for a ſhort time, induced him to pay great attention to Edward: he made him his conſtant aſſociate, and contributed much, both by his example and advice, to give efficacy to the religious inſtructions which Edward, as his Chaplain, communicated to the ſhip's company. Although

though he ſtrictly forbade all prophane ſwearing, no ſailors in the Britiſh Navy had a greater reſpect for their Captain, or were under better command, than his own. He had a taſte for reading, and was particularly fond of ſuch books, as related to claſſical antiquities.

So pleaſed was Edward with the Captain's kind and unreſerved behaviour, that it encouraged him to make him his confidant. Edward found the greateſt relief in diſcloſing to him all the particulars of his attachment to Emily: the Captain commended him for his reſolution in complying with his father's requeſt, and tried to diſpel the gloom that hung over his ſpirits at firſt by an endeavour to rally him on his attachment to Emily; but finding that Edward was not to be treated jocularly upon a ſubject ſo dear to his heart, he with much addreſs directed the converſation to topics more congenial with his turn of mind, and favourite ſtudies.

"I am ſeparated from all my friends," ſaid Edward to Captain Wallis, as they were

were walking upon the quarter deck, and ſaw nothing but the wide expanſe of the ocean around, and the dark clouds rolling above them,—" I am now going I can hardly tell whither, an outcaſt from my country, deprived of almoſt all the pleaſures of life. My mind is like the ſea I behold, ſometimes ſtupidly calm, or wildly agitated; the fair weather of happineſs is gone; and I fear all my future life will be the ſport of ſtorms and tempeſts."

" I am concerned," ſaid Captain Wallis, " to hear you thus complain; as I ſhould have expected the expreſſions of firm reſolution rather than unmanly deſpondency from the ſon of Dr. Marriot. But 'O, this love, this love!' how blind and inſenſible does it make a man to every thing but itſelf. If one ſource of your fancied enjoyments be cut off, you ought to be thankful, that others are ſtill within your reach. Take courage, and rouſe your ſpirits—a new ſcene of pleaſure will ſoon open upon you: as you are ſo great an admirer of the

Claſſics and ſacred Writers, how happy will you be to verify their deſcriptions, and illuſtrate their beauties in the very places that gave them birth, upon the beautiful ſhores of the Mediterranean Sea. The countries we ſhall viſit are Italy, Greece, Egypt, and Paleſtine: What ſublime ideas do they excite; what ſcenes of glory, what triumphs of courage, what flights of genius do they bring to my mind. In thoſe claſſical regions we may awaken the moſt lively remembrance of the moſt renowned perſons the world ever ſaw. And as you are eager to gratify a liberal ſpirit of inquiry, and wiſh to increaſe your knowledge of the world by extenſive obſervation, how highly pleaſed will you be to ſtudy the diverſities of human characters, and manners not only in Europe, but in Aſia and Africa too: rouſe therefore from your lethargy, and improve, by the full exerciſe of your mind, thoſe opportunities for pleaſure and inſtruction which will be afforded to you by our voyage."

"The

"The ſpirit with which you enter," ſaid Edward, "into ſubjects ſo endeared to my mind by the whole courſe of my education, gives you a new claim to my eſteem and friendſhip. How creditable is it to the Britiſh Navy, when an officer can, like you, combine the attainments and taſte of a ſcholar with the courage and ſkill of a ſailor, and can make every coaſt an object of rational inquiry and improvement."

As the wind continued fair, they ſtayed only long enough at Gibraltar to give Edward an opportunity of ſurveying that impregnable fortreſs. They ſoon after reached the bay of Aboukir on the coaſt of Egypt, where they found the Britiſh fleet, under the command of Lord Keith, lately arrived from the bay of Marmorice.

Glorious was the day, the 8th of March, 1801, to the Britiſh heroes, who effected a landing upon the ſhore of Egypt, in defiance of an oppoſing French army; and ſuch an enterprize could not fail to be deeply intereſting to thoſe who were ſpectators of it.

Standing

Standing upon the deck of his ſhip, at the dawn of day, Edward ſaw the rockets fired as the ſignal for the army of General Abercromby to quit their veſſels. He ſaw the Britiſh troops man the boats and launches, and the ſailors row them with undaunted ſpirit and unſlackened arms, although expoſed to the inceſſant fire of the French army. The Britiſh troops drove the enemy from his ſtrong poſitions—ſhort was the conflict, but ſignal the victory—the happy omen of greater ſucceſs.

No triumphs of our arms were ever more complete, either by ſea or land, than thoſe achieved in the bay of Aboukir by the invincible Nelſon, and on the plains of Egypt by Abercromby and Hutchinſon. The honour and moderation which our army diſplayed in Egypt, ſtrongly contraſted as they were with the rapine and robberies of the French, gave the various inhabitants of that country, the Egyptians, the Arabs, and the Turks, as exalted notions of Britiſh generoſity as of Britiſh valour.

As often as his duty allowed him leiſure, Edward went on ſhore to ſurvey and examine whatever was curious in Egypt, a country renowned from the earlieſt ages as the parent of thoſe arts and ſciences, which ſucceſſively adorned Greece and Rome, and are now cultivated in all poliſhed nations.

At the ſight of Pompey's pillar, of the enormous fragment of the Sphinx, and other monuments of antient art, his thoughts were naturally carried back into paſt ages. The city of Alexandria brought to his remembrance the genius of its enlightened founder, Alexander the Great, the conqueror of the Eaſt, who cauſed this vaſt city to riſe amid the ſandy deſert, and employed the ſpoils of victory for the promotion of commerce. Here the Ptolemies, the antient Kings of Egypt, called the arts and ſciences around them, and collected the ſcattered productions of literature in the nobleſt library in the world. Near theſe ſhores, Marc Antony, the enamoured ſlave of the beautiful Cleopatra, contended with Octavius for the Roman

Roman empire, and taught mankind by his defeat and death, the danger of growing forgetful of the calls of duty, and of sinking into the arms of voluptuousness.

The Nile, rolling its ample flood through the midst of Egypt, strongly attracted the attention of the young traveller, as it is the most extraordinary river in the known world. It rises in the mountains of Abyssinia, from whence, swelled by torrents of rain, it runs into Egypt, and regularly every year overflows a vast tract of that level country. The slime it leaves behind, when the water subsides, is the richest manure of its banks. Slips of cultivated land adorn its borders, rice is sown, and the crop is reaped in four months in lower Egypt, and there the traveller beholds the prospect of flowers, fruit, and corn, flourishing throughout the year.

Edward visited Grand Cairo, the metropolis of Egypt. It consists of a strange assemblage of Turkish mosques and mud cot-

tages, formed into irregular ſtreets. Not far diſtant the pyramids, riſing majeſtic amid vaſt plains of ſand, like rocks emerging from the widely ſpread and level ſurface of the ſea, ſtruck him with aſtoniſhment. The largeſt is between five and ſix hundred feet high: to give a familiar idea of the wide ſpace it fills, it would exactly ſtand in the area of Lincoln's-inn Fields. All the pyramids are compoſed of vaſt blocks of granite, and are ſuppoſed to have been erected not leſs than thirty centuries ago. Theſe oldeſt monuments of human labour known to exiſt, ſtill defy the ravages of time. Edward thought it moſt probable, that they were built for the purpoſe Herodotus the moſt antient of Grecian hiſtorians mentions, and were deſigned for tombs to contain the embalmed bodies of the Egyptian kings.

As he was travelling with ſome officers to Alexandria, the converſation happened to turn upon that extraordinary phenomenon, which the French call the *mirage*. It is an appearance,

appearance, which gives to the distant plains of sand the exact resemblance of a large sheet of water.

"I am inclined," said a young officer, "to treat the French account of this mirage as a kind of Gasconade, merely intended to excite astonishment, and not founded on fact." "You had better not decide too peremptorily," said Edward, "as our own experience is continually convincing us, that all travellers are not dealers in romance."

The event soon justified his candid observation, as they continued their march towards Alexandria. The sun was shining with remarkable splendour, its beams played upon the distant sands, and the vivid reflection dazzled their eyes. "How far," inquired some of the party, "is it to yonder city?" "About two hours journey," was the answer of the Arabian guides. "That must be a mistake," said the sceptical officer; "for in front of us is a large lake, and its waters are so extensive, we must take a considerable

ſiderable circuit round its ſhores, before we can reach the place. How beautiful is the reflection of the towers, ſpires, minarets, and palm trees of Alexandria upon its ſhining ſurface. I ſee them all reflected there as clearly as they would appear in an immenſe looking glaſs." "You are deceived," ſaid the guide, ſmiling; "we know by experience, and you will ſoon be convinced, that the phantoms will vaniſh, as you approach them."

Such proved to be the caſe. The water was imaginary, the wide waſte of ſand was real, and the party reached the place preciſely at the time mentioned by the guides.

CHAP-

CHAPTER XXVI.

Yet oft a ſigh prevails, and ſorrows fall,
To ſee the hoard of human bliſs ſo ſmall;
And oft I wiſh amid theſe ſcenes to find
Some ſpot, to real happineſs conſign'd;
Where my worn ſoul, each wandering hope at reſt,
May gather bliſs, to ſee my fellows bleſt.

GOLDSMITH'S TRAVELLER.

"MY deſire is very great," ſaid Edward to Captain Wallis, "to explore the more diſtant banks of the Nile: I have read much of the warlike and hoſpitable character of the Bedouins, or Arab tribes, who ſtill preſerve the exact manners, cuſtoms, and independence of their moſt remote anceſtors, and live a roving life; and I wiſh to be an eye-witneſs of all I have heard of a people ſo intereſting."

"Your

"Your curiosity is very natural," replied the Captain; "but it may be hazardous to indulge it. The Mamlouks, the Lords of Egypt, and the Buddoos, or wild banditti of the mountains, are in a state of almost continual war with the Bedouins, and you may expose yourself to their ferocity and violence; if, however, you are resolved to pursue such an adventure, I will give you leave of absence; you may take your passage on board one of the light rice vessels, now ready to sail up the Nile; I will give you a letter of recommendation to Abul Mohammed, the principal Sheik or Chieftain, lately arrived in the district of Banute, and your knowledge of the Arabic language, and a few presents, will secure you a hospitable reception from him."

Edward was overjoyed at this proposal, he changed his dress for the eastern costume so necessary for the sake of coolness, as the loose and flowing garments of the Arabs are well adapted to their torrid climate, and the numerous folds of the muslin turban are the best

beſt defence againſt the burning rays of the ſun.

Attended by a ſervant, who underſtood Arabic, and accompanied by an Indian Fakeer, who was on his return from Cairo, where he had been on a religious penance, he embarked: the veſſel under an eaſy ſail glided up the river; verdant meadows adorned its banks with ſcattered groves of date, and other fruit trees of luxuriant foliage. The Captain of the veſſel was talkative to his paſſengers, whom he wiſhed to ſurprize and pleaſe with his account of the natural curioſities of the country: he deſcribed the oſtrich, the largeſt of birds, which he had ſhot in the deſerts. He had ſeen in the Nile, a hippopotamus, or river horſe, that meaſured twelve feet in length, and its ſkin was ſo hard as to reſiſt a muſquet-ball; and he had heard of an enormous crocodile killed by an Egyptian of Roſetta; in its body were found the gold rings and ornaments of a girl devoured by the monſter, as ſhe was incautiouſly bathing in the river.

At

At the end of a few days Edward and his party landed, and conducted by the faithful Fakeer, they made a toilſome journey over the duſty plain. The ſun unclouded ſhone with a burning heat, the winds blew hot from the deſert, and their march over the looſe ſands was painful to their feveriſh feet. There were no trees, under whoſe refreſhing ſhade they could repoſe themſelves, no ſtreams at which they could quench their exceſſive thirſt: worn out with fatigue, and almoſt fainting with relaxation, they had the pleaſure at length to diſcern the white tents of Abul Mohammed. They were ſpread over the ſlope of a hill, and their ſituation was determined by a ſtream of chryſtal water that guſhed from a rock with a loud and refreſhing murmur, a luxury to the eye, the ear, and the lips, only to be juſtly valued by the parched travellers of this hot climate. The white tents were ſpread over the declivity in regular order, the pavilion of the Sheik was in the center of the front line, and he was reclining at the entrance,

trance, to enjoy the cool breeze of the evening.

Abul Mohammed was between fifty and ſixty years of age, his air was noble, his figure tall, his eyes bright, and his complection tawny; his buſhy and ſilver beard flowed over his breaſt, his crimſon turban ſparkled with jewels, he wore a ſcimitar and a dagger by his ſide, and in his hand he held a hookah or long pipe. In his converſation he was ſlow, conciſe, and grave; he ſometimes indulged a ſmile, but rarely was ſeen to laugh.

Edward approached him with reſpect, and preſented his letter of recommendation. As ſoon as he had read it, he courteouſly bowed, and led him into the front diviſion of the tent, where they partook the refreſhment of Mocha coffee, ſherbet, cakes of unleavened bread, delicious raiſins of the ſun, dried dates, and figs.

"Thus admitted," ſaid the Sheik, "to the table of a ſon of Iſhmael, you are entitled to his protection and hoſpitality, as long

long as you pleaſe to ſtay. Againſt the luxurious Turks of the caravans, and the ferocious banditti of the mountains, we brandiſh our ſcimitars, and hurl our ſpears; but the inoffenſive traveller, who eats our bread, we welcome with joy, and diſmiſs with bleſſings and preſents."

The next morning he ſhowed Edward his fine Arabian horſes, fleet as the wind, and gentle as lambs; and the hardy and patient camels, uſed to convey his houſehold, tents, and baggage.

Although Edward ſaid every thing to give the Sheik an exalted opinion of the Engliſh character, he was diffident when ſpeaking of himſelf: But the Fakeer was loud in his praiſe, and among other eminent qualities, for which he commended the young Engliſhman, he informed the Sheik, that he was ſkilled in medicine. He had indeed paid ſome attention both to its theory and practice, in the courſe of his voyage.

This intelligence pleaſed the Sheik in the higheſt degree, and procured for Edward an introduction

introduction to the ladies of his family, which otherwiſe he could not have obtained.

"Engliſhman," ſaid the Sheik, "your liberal curioſity and unreſerved confidence, diſplayed by this viſit, excite my higheſt reſpect for your character. The truly generous are always humane, I want the aſſiſtance which you can afford: Fatima, my beloved wife, aſks your medical ſkill: may Allah give his bleſſing to your endeavours to remove her fever, a malady too common in our ſultry climate!"

At the back part of the tent was a ſuite of rooms appropriated to females: thither the Sheik conducted Edward. They entered an apartment where Perſian carpets, and crimſon ſophas and cuſhions, formed the furniture. Three ladies, Fatima and her two daughters Zelia and Selima, ſoon entered from an inner room: their draperies were full and flowing, they were veiled, but not cloſely, their veils were divided, and joined by claſps of gold, ſo that their foreheads and

and eyes could be ſeen: the mother only ſpoke, and ſhe bowed her head with grateful dignity, when Edward aſſured her he would endeavour to remove her fever.

By the judicious application of ſome Peruvian bark he had brought with him, he ſucceeded. The expreſſions of gratitude uttered by his patient were ardent and ſincere; ſhe often made him her gueſt to drink coffee with her and her daughters, and they ſoon welcomed him without reſerve.

As a proof of the Sheik's confidence and their favour, the ladies appeared unveiled; Fatima was extremely handſome, her air was noble, and her manners elegant; but what was the mother compared with the eldeſt daughter! Zelia was in the bloom of her charms, her face was exquiſitely beautiful, her dark eyes languiſhed with tenderneſs, and her form was a perfect model of female proportion. She wore a robe of the fineſt muſlin, over which was gracefully thrown a blue ſhawl, her necklace was of emeralds, and her bracelets of rubies. She ſat gently cooling

cooling herſelf with a fan made of the gay feathers of various birds; her dark hair, parted in front, waved in ringlets on her ſhoulders, and the fluſh diffuſed over her cheeks by the warmth of the ſeaſon, realized to Edward the higheſt deſcription of beauty given by the Arabian romancers or the Perſian poets.

Edward, attentive to the cuſtoms of the Eaſt, produced his preſents. To the Sheik he gave a handſome pair of piſtols, a teleſcope, and a printed copy of the Koran. To the ladies he preſented a fine piece of India chintz, ſome ſmall looking-glaſſes, and gold rings. They were courteouſly accepted, but were wholly unneceſſary to ſecure the affection and the gratitude of his intereſting hoſt and his family. The Sheik offered many valuable preſents in return; but he accepted only a ſabre of the tempered ſteel of Damaſcus, ſome beautiful ſpecimens of the porphyry of Coſſeir; and the ladies gave him a box of perfumes, ſome oſtrich feathers, and a ſtring of pearls.

They ſometimes made excurſions to the weſtern hills, where they enjoyed the fineſt proſpects the country afforded. There they could ſee the Nile rolling its wide ſpread flood amid fields of rice, and clumps of ſtately and ever verdant palm trees fringing its banks; on the other ſide of the azure river, the pyramids appeared at different diſtances, and the vaſt expanſe of ſands was bounded by the city and the ſtony mountains of Cairo.

In glowing language, and in an animated manner, the Sheik converſed with Edward on various ſubjects. He gloried in the honour of his deſcent from the great patriarch Abraham, and he ſpoke of his nation never debaſed by intermixture with foreigners, and never degraded by ſervitude. "Our tribes," ſaid he, "have always maintained the moſt complete independence, in antient times, againſt the attacks of the Perſians, the Sultans of Egypt, and the Emperors of Rome; and more recently againſt the fierce Mamlouks and the cruel Turks. In the middle ages, the faireſt portions of Africa,

Aſia, and Europe, were ſubdued by our arms, and enlightened by our literature and ſcience; and the renown of Saladin the victor of the Eaſt, and of Al Raſched, the Caliph of Bagdad, reſounds throughout the world. Independence, courage, patience, and temperance are the virtues of which the ſons of Iſhmael boaſt; and his daughters, fair as the roſes of Damaſcus, excel in modeſty and good ſenſe."

"What a contraſt," ſaid Edward to the Sheik, "to the noble and warlike character of your tribes do the native inhabitants of Egypt preſent! You diſdain to bend under the yoke of vaſſalage or ſervitude, but they ſubmit, like beaſts of burthen, to the oppreſſion and ſcourge of their Turkiſh tyrants. Of all I ever ſaw, none are more timid, none more debaſed than theſe people: they are ſunk in the loweſt ſtate of ignorance; unknown to them is the uſe of the lyre invented at Thebes, where now upon the tombs of its Kings are to be ſeen various elegant forms of that inſtrument. They

cannot explain to us the hieroglyphics, or antient language of the prieſts, inſcribed upon the magnificent tomb of Alexander the Great, found at Roſetta, and now in the poſſeſſion of our victorious Britiſh Army. The art of embalming the dead, and preſerving them as mummies for ſo many ages, and the mode by which the ponderous ſtones that compoſe the lofty pyramids were raiſed to ſo great an elevation, are ſecrets to them as well as to us. Time has thrown his thickeſt ſhades around many arts of their ingenious anceſtors; we have not the *power*, and their deſcendants have not even the *inclination* to penetrate them."

"What leſſons of inſtruction may we derive from a ſurvey of the antient monuments of this country," obſerved the Arabian Chieftain! "They are calculated to humble the pride, which is too apt to accompany acquirements in knowledge, for they ſhow how limited are the greateſt attainments. Certain it is, that the antients were acquainted with many ſubjects, of which

the moderns are ignorant, and although you inform me that the Europeans boaſt of the ſuperiority of this enlightened age over all the times paſt, is it not a queſtion, whether they have not rather exchanged one province of knowledge for another, than enlarged its general empire?"

"*So far ſhalt thou go,*" ſaid Edward, "*and no farther, and here ſhall thy proud waves be ſtayed,* is a law impoſed by the great Creator upon the ocean, and the knowledge of mankind ſeems to be circumſcribed by ſimilar limits."

"I alſo have received a leſſon of uſeful inſtruction," ſaid the Sheik, "to repreſs the ſpirit of vain ſpeculation and fruitleſs curioſity, from the antient inſcription found in the temple of Iſis, at Sais, in Upper Egypt. Iſis, you may recollect, was worſhipped as the tutelary goddeſs of all this country, and was ſuppoſed to repreſent univerſal nature, whoſe effects are evident, and whoſe productions are eſſential to the well being of man; but whoſe laws and modes

of operation are inſcrutable by the utmoſt efforts of his underſtanding. In the dark receſſes of her temple, the goddeſs ſat clothed in drapery, which concealed her from head to foot, and there ſhe uttered theſe myſterious words—*I am whatever is, or has been, but no mortal has ever taken off my veil.*"

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

The noble youth who bends to Virtue's ſway,
Unerring walks, where'er ſhe leads the way;
He liſtens not to Pleaſure's magic ſtrain,
And even Beauty pleads her cauſe in vain. A.

In a ſtile of peculiar elegance the ladies converſed on the grandeur and extent of the ſurrounding proſpects, and they talked of the blooming gardens of Roſetta, and the crowded ſtreets of Grand Cairo. They were not unacquainted with the events of paſt ages, or the leſſons of antient wiſdom, for theſe topics they had ſtudied in their native poets, who are at once the hiſtorians and the moraliſts of the Eaſt. Zelia had read the works of the Perſian Hafez, the Odes of Sayib,

Sayib, and the Guliſtan, or Garden of Roſes, by the celebrated Sadi.

They all heard Edward talk of England with pleaſure, and the ſubject was the more impreſſive from the recent renown acquired by Britiſh heroes at Aboukir, at Alexandria, and at Rhamanieh. He told them of the friends to whom he was connected by the ties of duty and gratitude—he mentioned Captain Wallis, to whoſe kindneſs he was indebted for the enjoyment of their ſociety; nor did he fail often to mention his father at his far diſtant home, ſinking under the infirmities of age.

"Young man," ſaid the Sheik, "your heart ſeems as warm as your head is ſound, and your mind is cultivated. I know not to what faſcinating power you are indebted, perhaps to that by which the Egyptians charm the ſerpent; but I feel a ſtrong affection for you, and know not with what fortitude I ſhall bear the moment of ſeparation, when the time of your departure comes."

As

As he pronounced theſe laſt words, a tear trickle ddown the cheek of Zelia, the ſymptom of an attachment to Edward ſhe had for ſome time cheriſhed: his perſon, his manners, his converſation, had made a deep impreſſion upon her young and tender heart. As ſhe had heard Edward talk of the happy freedom enjoyed by the ladies of England, ſhe became more impatient than ever of caſtern confinement; and wiſhed him to put it in her power to eſcape from its continuance. Her love was too ardent to be extinguiſhed by the ſuggeſtions of prudence, and too ſtrong to bear concealment from its object. Deluding herſelf with the fond hope that ſhe was dear to Edward, and apprehenſive of his ſpeedy departure, ſhe ſent him a letter, in which ſhe propoſed to accompany him as his wife to Aboukir, and from thence to England.

He was at firſt embarraſſed and diſtreſſed; blind to her beauty, and inſenſible of her tenderneſs, he could not be; yet he reſolved not to take the ſlighteſt advantage of her indiſcree

indiſcreet propoſal: he returned an anſwer in kind and grateful terms, and expreſſed his deep concern, that it was intirely out of his power to accept her flattering overture.

As is cuſtomary in Egypt, the daughters of the ſoldiers in the camp danced upon the green in the front of the tent to amuſe the Sheik and his family. Theſe girls were comely in their perſons, and graceful in their movements; but to Zelia, ſinking under the effects of her ſevere diſappointment, the ſight which before had always pleaſed her, particularly ſince the arrival of Edward, no longer gave her any pleaſure. She ſat alone under a date tree, reſting her head penſively on her hand, regardleſs of her mother and ſiſter, who went to her, and in vain endeavoured to excite her to cheerfulneſs. As ſoon as the dancing was over, ſhe retired to her apartment, ſeized her guitar in a tranſport of enthuſiaſm, and indulging the wild ſallies of her empaſſioned thoughts, thus expreſſed to a melancholy and varied air, the

feelings

feelings of untutored nature, and the reſentment of unrequited love.

I.

Begin, my warbling lyre,
A ſadly pleaſing ſtrain;
Your melody may ſoothe,
But cannot cure my pain.

II.

From Britain's diſtant iſle
The noble ſtranger came;
His ſweet deluſive ſmile
Awakes my tender flame.

III.

Hard as his native rocks,
Cold as his northern ſkies,
He heeds not Zelia's words,
Nor eloquence of eyes.

IV.

Thus on the chryſtal ſtream
The golden ſun-beams beat,
It ſparkles in the ray,
But feels not genial heat.

V.

Say does your vagrant thought
O'er Ocean's bosom roam;
To seek a rival nymph,
Who sighs for you at home?

VI.

Can Britain's daughter shine
With half an Arab's grace;
Is her's the eagle eye
Is her's the angel face?

VII.

Her cheeks of sickly hue
No crimson tints discloſe,
As well the lily pale
May emulate the roſe.

VIII.

Deſerter of the fair,
The pathleſs deſert rove,
And may a ſerpent there,
Revenge my ſlighted love!

IX.

Or ſhould thy angry Fate
More venom'd ſhafts deſign,
O may it pierce thy heart
With pangs as keen as mine!

The

The ſcouts of the Sheik ſoon after brought intelligence to the camp, that they had ſeen the print of many horſes' feet in the ſands, which denoted the advance of their determined enemies, the cruel Mamlouks. In the evening a meſſenger, almoſt breathleſs with haſte, announced their nearer approach; over the diſtant plains he had ſeen their ſcimitars glitter, and their colours wave in the wind.

The Sheik endeavoured, but in vain, to perſuade his ſoldiers to wait their approach, but as they feared the ſuperior number of their enemies, they reſolved on flight. He well knew if he remained upon the ſpot where he then was, and was taken priſoner, he ſhould be condemned to loſe his head; and he alſo was apprehenſive that his wife and daughters, if taken priſoners, would be expoſed to the inſults of the lawleſs conquerors.

Stimulated by this fear more than any other, he abandoned his tents, camels, and furniture; and accompanied only by his family,

mily, Edward, and the Fakeer, he retreated two days journey along the banks of the Nile.

"Noble ſtranger," ſaid he to Edward, in a mournful tone, and with a deep ſigh, "nothing afflicts me more than that neceſſity now urges our ſeparation. To all that paſſed between you and my daughter I am no ſtranger: your honourable conduct in not taking advantage of her attachment to you demands my gratitude, even more than your reſtoring my beloved Fatima to health. Zelia, the object of my pity, muſt be a victim to puniſhment——But I have not time to enlarge upon the painful ſubject; we muſt inſtantly take meaſures for our ſafety, which will lead us different ways: you muſt follow the winding banks of the river; at the village, which is only two days journey from hence, you may find a veſſel to convey you back to your friends. I muſt endeavour to reach the diſtant fountains of El Ariſch, where the braveſt troops of my tribe are encamped: be not too ſolicitous for our

ſafety;

ſafety; our enemies may purſue, but they will not find us; known to me only are the intricate paſſes of the mountains, and the ſecret waters of the burning deſert. If raſhneſs or revenge ſhould prompt them to purſue us far from hence, they will fall a prey to thirſt, to hunger, and fatigue. You have ſhared my bounty in the hour of plenty, and now you muſt be contented to take the portion my ſcanty means can ſupply."

Saying theſe words he divided his bread, his meat, and his water with Edward—"Go," continued he, "and tell your valiant countrymen, that although fortune is precarious, the character of our nation is the ſame: our independence is unbroken, and our hoſpitality continues the uninterrupted pride of our race; like our great anceſtor Abraham I have exerciſed it to you, who came as the Angel of health to my tent. May the bleſſing of Allah guide you to your native ſhore, and may your father rejoice in the embraces of his ſon!"

Tears

Tears flowed from all at parting: Edward kiſſed the hands of the Sheik and of the ladies; their gliſtening eyes ſpoke their ſecret anguiſh, and were fixed mournfully upon him; Zelia reclined her head, and concealed her face; her gentle boſom was torn with anguiſh, partly reſulting from the diſtreſs of the flight,—and more from indignation at her ſlighted beauty.

Edward haſtened away, and reached his ſhip at the end of a few days. He told the Captain of his adventure, and often did he afterwards breathe a ſigh of tender concern, and as often he congratulated himſelf on his honourable conduct, when he pictured to his fancy the white tents of Banute, the noble Abul Mohammed, the grateful Fatima, and the beautiful and enamoured Zelia.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVIII.

O what authority and ſhow of truth
Can cunning Sin cover itſelf withal!

Ah that Deceit ſhould ſteal ſuch gentle ſhapes,
And with a virtuous vizor hide deep Vice!

SHAKESPEARE.

THE incidents of the ſtory make it neceſſary for the reader to return to Emily, and to notice what was paſſing in London at the time when Edward was purſuing his adventures in Egypt, and behaving in the honourable manner before deſcribed.

Sir Lionel Wager diſappointed in his various attempts to ſecure Emily, was for ſome time diſconcerted, and at a loſs what plan to purſue. He could not bear the thoughts of ſtopping ſhort in a chaſe when its object was ſo deſirable; and his vanity was piqued, for

for he could not endure the reflection, that a man of his experience and ingenuity ſhould be baffled by Emily, a ſimple girl, who, compared with himſelf, had ſeen nothing of the world.

He conſulted Mrs. Wilſon, and made no ſcruple to avow that he was now reduced to one project—that was to carry off Emily, and marry her; but although he did not want Mrs. Wilſon's aſſiſtance for the execution of this plan, he declared he wiſhed by no means to proceed to it, as ſhe had always taken a lively part in his intereſt, without her conſent and approbation.

Mrs. Wilſon diſapproved of his propoſal: although ſhe was ready upon all occaſions to take a ſhare in ſchemes of intrigue, and ſhe liked particularly any plan of match-making that was connected with her own intereſt, yet ſhe was always beſt pleaſed with thoſe of *her own* contrivance; ſhe therefore cenſured the Knight, not indeed in any very ſevere terms, as ſhe recollected how much ſhe was in his debt, and then ſuggeſted another

ther ſcheme of the ſame baſe and diſhonourable kind.

"You do not know," ſaid ſhe, "the ſtubbornneſs of Emily's temper ſo well as I do. As long as ſhe ſuppoſes Edward Marriot to be living, you will never gain her conſent to marry you. If you have a real inclination to ſucceed with her, you muſt make me your guide, and I will lead you to victory. What think you, Sir Knight, of making her believe that Edward Marriot is dead? If we can once get her to think ſo, ſhe will be glad to liſten to your propoſals, and the proud and obſtinate girl, with all her expectances, will be your's."

"Excellent indeed," exclaimed Sir Lionel, "is this plan! it ſhows the ſuperior genius of the contriver, but how can we carry it into execution?"

Pauſing for a moment, Mrs. Wilſon continued. "Nothing can be eaſier; a letter ſhall be written to old Marriot, to inform him his ſon died in Egypt of the plague, or any other diſorder you pleaſe."

"Admirable again," ſaid Sir Lionel! "The old Doctor will inform the Colonel, and he will communicate the news to his daughter, and then 'venom to thy work,' as Macbeth ſays in the play; I will begin a new ſiege, and as I could not win the place by bribery, I hope to make it ſurrender at diſcretion. But ſtop, let me conſider a little, before we proceed to act;—ſhall I not be expoſed to ſome unpleaſant conſequences from the Colonel and Marriot?"

"What a coward you are," ſaid Mrs. Wilſon, "when you have in reality nothing to fear! If you gain Emily for your wife, it is not at all probable that the Colonel will be inclined to avenge himſelf upon his ſon-in-law—no—he loves his daughter too well for that:—and if Marriot ſhould ever return, which is very doubtful, however furioſo the parſon may be for the loſs of the girl, his cloth, you know, will ſecure you from a challenge."

The

The plan was adopted; a letter to Dr. Marriot, purporting to come from the Purſer of the ſhip, was written by Sir Lionel's valet, who was his convenient ſcribe upon many other occaſions as well as this; it announced the death of Mr. Edward Marriot, ſoon after he reached Aboukir Bay.

Dr. Marriot received this letter on his return from viſiting ſome ſick perſons in his village. He was ſtruck to the heart by the ſudden and melancholy tidings; yet he ſoon recovered from exceſſive grief. He felt as a father, but bore his loſs as became a Chriſtian. To alleviate his ſorrow, and find conſolation, he went immediately, and communicated what he had heard to the Colonel. They mingled their ſorrows, which were diffuſive, for the whole village and neighbourhood mourned the ſuppoſed loſs of their favourite youth; grief was depicted on every face, and was expreſſed by every tongue; for never ſince the death of Mrs. Lorton had ſuch a cloud of dejection overſpread the country.

This ſtratagem to delude the innocent and unſuſpecting Emily, and extend unhappineſs through a whole neighbourhood, was worthy of the ſelfiſh ſpirit and diabolical contrivance of two gamblers!

To prepare Emily for the impending ſtorm, and break a little of its force, Mrs. Wilſon began a converſation with her upon the ſubject of Edward:—"I obſerve," ſaid ſhe, "in the newſpaper of this morning many remarks relative to Egypt—a propos—have you ever heard any thing of that young man Marriot ſince he went there?"—"It is ſo long," ſaid Emily with a ſigh, "that I cannot tell what is become of him."—"Well," ſaid Mrs. Wilſon, "now he is at ſuch a diſtance, I dare affirm he has forgot you, and ſo the ſooner you forget him the better. By this time perhaps his ſorrow for running away from his native country is likely to be at an end; for I am told the climate of Egypt is remarkably unwholeſome. I ſuppoſe if you were to hear he had caught the ophthalmia, or was buried in one of the pyramids,

pyramids, we ſhould have fine crying—Would you, if ſuch a thing was to happen, be ridiculous enough to make yourſelf wretched?"

"I cannot tell," ſaid Emily, endeavouring to check her riſing emotions; "but whatever may happen to him, or to any of my friends, I hope I ſhall bear my misfortunes with patience."

Soon after a letter was brought from Colonel Lorton to Emily, ſealed with black wax: ſhe received it as ſhe was dreſſing to go to a party.

The black ſeal ſtruck her eye with alarm, but on recogniſing her father's hand-writing, ſhe was more compoſed. When ſhe came to theſe expreſſions—*It is with great concern I inform you that Dr. Marriot has received advice of the death of poor Edward*—the words ſeemed to ſwim before her eyes, the letter dropped from her hand, and ſhe fell back fainting in her chair.

On waking as from a dream ſhe found herſelf in bed, where the ſervants had conveyed

veyed her. Mrs. Wilſon ſoon made her appearance, pretending ignorance of all ſhe knew too well. Emily told her with unſuſpecting frankneſs, that her illneſs was the conſequence of a letter from her father, which ſhe might read if ſhe pleaſed. After Mrs. Wilſon had done ſo, "My dear," ſaid ſhe with affected tenderneſs, "as your father is well, you have no real cauſe to be grieved: as for this poor young man, did I not tell you how probable it was ſomething unhappy would befal him—but, as you have juſtly obſerved, we muſt try to bear ſuch events with patience."

Emily had no ſuſpicion of a ſtratagem, of which ſhe could not conceive any perſons capable but the moſt deceitful and abandoned of mankind. This information ſtruck her with poignant grief: the roſes on her cheeks began to fade; ſhe had little ſleep, and leſs appetite; long fits of abſence continued while ſhe was in company, as ſhe revolved the loſs of Edward; and whenever the ſervants, or the unfeeling Mrs. Wilſon,

interrupted

interrupted the ſolitude ſhe courted, they found her in tears.

This trying occaſion, however, proved that the fruits of her education were coming to maturity, and ſhe ſhowed the benefits ſhe had derived from the principles her father had been ever anxious to inculcate. There was indeed an elaſticity in her mind, which ſoon roſe againſt the weight of her diſtreſs, and ſhe exerciſed the moſt effectual means to invigorate and reſtore its depreſſed powers. Emily called Religion and Reaſon to her aid; ſhe remembered the ſound and ſalutary inſtructions her father had given her, particularly in his Letters upon the ſubjects of *Divine Providence*, *Reſignation*, and *Contentment*. She revolved her various reſources in drawing, muſic, and more particularly in books, and the pleaſing means they afforded to tranquillize her ſpirits, and divert her attention from melancholy thoughts. Nor could ſhe forget that ſhe had ſome affectionate and moſt worthy friends, to whom ſhe had it in her power to reſort, whenever

ſhe

ſhe pleaſed, for advice and comfort. And ſhe was convinced, that ſhe ſhould be ungrateful in the higheſt degree to a bountiful Providence, if merely becauſe ſhe was deprived of *one* ſource of happineſs, ſhe ſhould be indifferent to all others, and give herſelf up to fruitleſs lamentation and deſpair.

She therefore made a great and ſucceſsful effort to exert the energies of her mind; by reſolving to be compoſed, ſhe ſoon became more ſo; the weight of her ſorrow grew lighter, and more ſupportable, and her face began to indicate ſome appearance of cheerfulneſs. Mrs. Wilſon noticed this change with no ſmall degree of ſatisfaction, congratulated Emily on thus acting like a girl of ſpirit, and thinking her new plot ripe for execution, ventured again to expreſs her wiſhes for Emily's union with Sir Lionel.

"Diſtreſs me no more, I beſeech you, madam," ſaid Emily, "upon this ſubject. You are pleaſed to ſay, that every obſtacle is now removed to my marriage with Sir Lionel. Alas! little do you imagine the nature of ſuch

ſuch an attachment as mine: Edward Marriot is as dear to me now he is in heaven, as when he was upon earth: my affection is immoveably fixed; its object will ever be invariably the ſame; and as my heart always gave him full credit for equal conſtancy, and equal ſincerity, I will devote myſelf to his love. I conſider myſelf as his widow—yet no mourning do I wear; for I deſire not to ſhow oſtentatious emblems of ſorrow. If your friend had crowns and ſceptres to lay at my feet, he ſhould never tempt me to break my reſolution. You are at liberty to tell him ſo; and if after this frank acknowledgment he ſhould continue to perſecute me, my father ſhall know it, and I am confident his injured daughter will not aſk his interference in vain."

She ſaid this with a very ſerious tone, and in a dignified manner. Mrs. Wilſon was ſurpriſed at her firmneſs, and much diſconcerted at the failure of her darling ſcheme, as ſhe had flattered herſelf with the certainty of ſucceſs.

Emily

Emily, apprehenſive of farther ſolicitations from the Knight, and tired of the violent temper of Mrs. Wilſon, from whom ſhe ſaw ſhe had much to fear, determined to ſtay with her no longer. Her patience was exhauſted with waiting ſo long for her father. Juſt as ſhe had prepared to find the way home by herſelf, ſhe was agreeably ſurpriſed by a letter to inform her of her father's intended arrival in town in a few days. He came at the time appointed, and ſhe received him as her preſerver from inſult, her deliverer from a painful captivity, and her conductor to peace.

Mrs. Wilſon was ſo mortified by the failure of her various ſchemes, and ſo aſhamed of her conduct, that ſhe did not venture to meet the Colonel: ſhe retired to her country houſe the day before he came under pretence of indiſpoſition.

When Emily and her father met, ſhe wiſhed to have told him all that had paſſed between her, Mrs. Wilſon, and the Knight; but knowing how much he was in Mrs. Wil-

ſon's

ſon's power on account of the debt, ſhe dreaded the thought of expoſing him to her reſentment; her prudence therefore was a ſtrong reſtraint to her feelings.

To amuſe her melancholy, he ſhowed her ſeveral noblemens' ſeats and parks in the courſe of their journey into Northumberland. Her anſwers to his inquiries as to her attention to her maſters in muſic, &c. to her private ſtudies, and the general manner in which ſhe had paſſed her time, were as ſatisfactory as he could have wiſhed.

"I am delighted," ſaid he, "thus to find that my intentions in placing you in London have been anſwered. You have participated the amuſements and enjoyed the gaieties of the faſhionable world, of which young people are too apt to form extravagant notions, as if crowds and ſhow were eſſential to happineſs. By ſeeing the world you have refined your manners without injuring your principles. Like gold you have been tried in the fire of diſſipation, and are come forth pure and bright from the flames. You remind

me

me of the fair Emma, the Saxon innocent, who paſſed unhurt amid the burning ploughſhares. Happy am I to find you agree with me in thinking that notoriety is a bubble, faſhion a phantom, and equipage a feather. Still happier am I to find, conſidering the ſphere of life in which you are henceforth to move, that you ſigh for the pleaſures of the country, and have increaſed rather than deſtroyed your reliſh for the calm ſatisfaction of retirement."

The bluſh that diffuſed its crimſon over the face of Emily, on thus hearing her own praiſes from *him* whoſe good opinion ſhe was moſt ſolicitous to merit, was at once the emblem of her innocence, and the ornament of her beauty.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

" She who has no taſte for well-written books will often be at a loſs how to ſpend her time, and the conſequences of ſuch a ſtate are too frequent not to be known, and too fatal not to be avoided."

KNOX's ESSAYS.

HER father had at different times ſupplied Emily with money to furniſh herſelf with whatever articles ſhe pleaſed, before ſhe left town. He had great reliance on her prudence and diſcretion, and ſhe proved how well ſhe deſerved his good opinion: knowing how changeable the faſhions are, ſhe did not laviſh much upon new dreſſes, not wiſhing to aſtoniſh the humble inhabitants of her native village either with the richneſs, or the variety of her apparel.

Her

Her taſte was formed upon her ſimplicity of character, and coincided exactly with what beſt became her appearance. What perſon who beheld her, could think that diamonds were wanting to adorn her head, or ſparkle on her neck; or who could regret her not wearing bracelets and rings, who ſaw her fair and finely proportioned arms and fingers?

The greater part of the money was expended in a new grand forte-piano, ſome ſelect muſic books, a box of colours for drawing; and the following were the principal books intended to form a permanent library, and to be as uſeful many years afterwards, as at the time they were purchaſed.

Books on Religion and Morality.

Sermons to young Women, by James Fordyce. 2 vols. 12mo.

An Inquiry into the Duties of the Female Sex, by T. Giſborne.

Natural Theology; or Evidences of the Exiſtence and Attributes of the Deity, collected

collected from the Appearances of Nature. By Dr. Paley. 8vo.

The Power of Religion on the Mind in Retirement, Affliction, and at the Approach of Death. By Lindley Murray. 12mo.

Hiſtory.

See the Books recommended in the Letter on "*Hiſtory, Biography,*" &c. P. 34, v. ii.

Letters on the Study and Uſe of antient and modern Hiſtory. By Bigland. 12mo.

Mavor's Univerſal Hiſtory.

Poetical Chronology. By Dr. Valpy. 12mo.

Robertſon's Hiſtory of Charles V. of America and of Scotland.

Natural Hiſtory and Philoſophy.

A Series of Eſſays, introductory to the Study of Natural Hiſtory. By Dr. Skrimſhire. 2 vols. 12mo.

Converſations introducing Poetry, chiefly on Subjects of Natural Hiſtory, by Charlotte Smith. 2 vols. 12mo.

The

The Elements of Natural Hiſtory, according to the Linnean Arrangement, with popular and entertaining Deſcriptions. By Dr. Mavor. 12mo.

Bewick's Birds.

The Hiſtory of Britiſh domeſtic Quadrupeds, and Britiſh Birds. By the ſame Author. 2 vols. 12mo.

Aiken's Natural Hiſtory of the Year. 12mo.

White's Naturaliſt's Calendar. 12mo.

A Dictionary of Natural Hiſtory. 8vo.

The Wonders of the Microſcope; or an Explanation of the Wiſdom of the Creator in Objects comparatively minute. 12mo.

An eaſy Introduction to Aſtronomy, in Queſtion and Anſwer. By James Ferguſon. 12mo.

Evening Amuſements, or Diſplay of the Heavens, by W. Frend, for 1806, &c.

Scientific Dialogues. By Joyce. 6 vols. 18mo.

Converſations on Chemiſtry, in which the Elements of that Science are familiarly explained. By a Lady. 2 vols. 12mo.

Botany.

An Introduction to Botany, in a Series of familiar Letters, with illuſtrative Engravings. By Priſcilla Wakefield. 12mo.

Martyn's Tranſlation of Rouſſeau's Letters on Botany. 2 vols. 8vo.

The Ladies' and Gentlemen's Botanical Pocket Book, intended to facilitate the Study of indigenous Botany. By Dr. Mavor. 12mo.

French Books.

Bibliotheque portatife des Ecrivains Francois. 4 vols. 8vo.

Queſtions a Repondre. Par Madame de la Fite. 2 tom. 12mo.

Voyage du Jeune Anacharſis.

Lettres par Madame Sevigné.

Oeuvres de la Marquiſe de Lambert. 12mo.

Les Etudes convenables aux Demoiſelles. 2 tom. 12mo.

Adele et Theodore. Par Madame Genlis. 3 tom. 12mo.

La Pluralitè des Mondes. Par Fontenelle. 12mo.

Le Jardin, et L'Homme des Champs. Par Delille.

Elizabeth, ou les Exilés de Siberie. Par M. Cotin.

La Dotte de Sufette. Par la meme.

Miſcellaneous.

Selections from the Spectator, Guardian, &c. By Mrs. Barbauld. 3 vols. 8vo.

Elegant Extracts, including Verſe, Proſe, and Epiſtles. 5 vols. 8vo.

Evenings at Home, or the Juvenile Budget opened. By Dr. Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld. 6 vols. 12mo.

The Lady's Preceptor. By Mrs. Creſſwick. 12mo.

Murry's Mentoria. 12mo.

Burgh's Dignity of Human Nature. 8vo.

Lempriere's Claſſical Dictionary. 8vo.

Domeſtic Encyclopædia, or a Dictionary of Facts. By Dr. Willich. 4 vols. 8vo.

The

The Britiſh Touriſts, or Traveller's Pocket Companion. 6 vols. 12mo.

Fables for the Ladies. By Moore. 12mo.

A Father's Legacy to his Daughters. By Dr. Gregory. 12mo.

CHAP. XXX.

——————— That ſome weighty grief
O'erhangs thy ſoul, thy every look proclaims;
Why then refuſe it words? The heart that bleeds
From any ſtroke of fate, or human wrongs,
Loves to diſcloſe itſelf; that lift'ning pity
May drop a healing tear upon the wound.
MASON'S CARACTACUS.

THE return of Emily to Lorton Houſe, after ſo long an abſence, gave no ſmall joy to her aunt, Fanny Flowerdale, and all the neighbourhood. Her ſpirits roſe at her firſt interview with her friends, but after ſhe had been at home a few days, ſhe ſunk again into dejection, on account of the ſuppoſed loſs of her beloved preſerver.

The Colonel and her aunt tried to amuſe Emily by every means in their power. The former,

former, always desirous to encourage her taking exercise, now held out an additional inducement by performing the promise formerly made to her, with respect to the improvement of botanical knowledge. They read Rousseau's Letters on Botany, and Withering's Work, and illustrated the theory with as many specimens as they could collect from the neighbouring meadows, woods, and mountains. Emily was amused with gathering plants, comparing them with the descriptions, and ascertaining their genera and species, and she increased the stores of her hortus siccus with the greater pleasure, as she found it was her father's wish she should take an interest in a pursuit so calculated to increase her love of a country life.

In the county of Cumberland, varying much in soil and surface, they found many rare and curious plants, and there was a spirit of adventure in climbing the mountains and exploring these Alpine regions, that gave a peculiar zest to their researches. They found

found the *circæa Alpina* near their own houſe; the *feſtuca vivipara* chiefly on the mountains; the *vicia ſylvatica* in Culgarth woods, and near Keſwick; the *droſera longifolia*, near Keſwick; very large ſpecimens of the *ſaxifraga ſtellaris*, in Croſs Fell, in Patterdale; a great variety of lichens, particularly the *lichen geographicus*, *paſchalis*, and *iſlandicus;* and, after a long ſearch, they were fortunate enough to find the *epimedium Alpinum* on a mountain called Saddleback, near Thirlkeld.

On as fair a day in ſummer as the ſun ever enlivened with his beams, and while the warmth was mitigated by the weſtern breezes, the Colonel and Emily were induced to extend their walk farther than uſual. They purſued a winding path by the ſide of the lake; no miſts obſcured their extenſive proſpect, every object was diſtinctly viſible, the rocks, cliffs, groves, and ſcattered cottages were clear to the view. The dark receſſes of the mountains were contraſted by ſtreams of golden light, the deep blue of the

ſky was chequered with fleecy clouds; the nearer mountains were tinged with ſoft azure, and the more remote with faint purple. Cattle and ſheep, ſingle or in groups, were diſperſed among ſome of the meadows, enamelled with graſs and flowers; and in others, the mowers were buſy in cutting the graſs—a circumſtance which gave life to the varied landſcape.

Keſwick Lake, unruffled by the gentleſt breeze, was a perfect mirror, and reflected in their native colours the mountains, rocks, and woods, that adorned its indented margin. Swelled by the heavy rains that had lately fallen, the cataract of Lowdore was loud and full; it precipitated the ample river of Wattenlath in a frothy expanſe of water between the towering and pointed rocks, from whoſe fiſſures roſe tall and verdant ſaplings of elm and oak; the torrent, in daſhing and broken ſtreams, rolled impetuouſly down to its loweſt ſtage, where it formed a ſheet of white foam, and mixed with the waters of the lake. The ſpray, reflecting the ſun-

beams

beams, preſented part of the arch of a brilliant rainbow.

As they proceeded gently along the road, that traced the waving line of the lake's margin, her father pointed out to Emily theſe various objects. They were ſo beautiful as to relieve her melancholy reflections and raiſe her ſpirits; ſhe felt, that nature ſeen under ſuch an enchanting aſpect, was indeed ſufficient to drive away

——— "All ſadneſs—but deſpair."

Leaving the border of the lake, a winding path between the mountains led them to the cottage of Dame Flowerdale, the mother of Fanny. She was an aged widow, and had been a ſervant in the family of Dr. Marriot. Her houſe ſtood at the foot of a moſs-covered rock; it was neat and white-waſhed, and the woodbines climbed around the windows. In her wrinkled face might be traced the expreſſion of content and cheerfulneſs, and in her dreſs was the appearance

pearance of decent poverty; ſhe ſat ſpinning at her door, and was ſinging a plaintive ſong, as her wheel turned round.

As Emily approached, a remarkably pretty ſpaniel at firſt barked, and then came fawning upon her, as if ſhe was an old acquaintance, and Emily fancied ſhe had ſeen the dog before. She inquired whoſe it was; "that dog," ſaid Dame Flowerdale, "his name is Rover, once belonged to Maſter Marriot; we always kept it for him when he went from home." "Did Mr. Marriot ever come here," ſaid Emily, ſighing, "O yes," replied the old dame, "very often before he went to ſea: I ſhall never forget his goodneſs, for when my poor huſband was ill, he came almoſt every day, and brought him either a nice piece of meat, or a little wine from his father's houſe: he always ſpoke kindly to me, and has given me many a ſhilling out of his own pocket, and deſired me to ſay nothing about it: to be ſure it was a ſad miſhap, when I broke my ſpectacles, for I could not ſee to ſew, or read my Bible;

Bible; but, as ſoon as I told him, he bought me a new pair—ſee here they are—I cried ſo much for joy when I firſt put them on, that I could not ſee through them at all. Alas! if that good youth is not gone to Heaven, I know not who will ever get there!"

To this anecdote, ſo illuſtrative of true charity, and this encomium ſo artleſs and unexpected, the Colonel gladly liſtened. "Ah," ſaid he, "what a loſs did we all ſuſtain by the death of that excellent youth! Go wherever I will, his praiſe is the theme of every tongue: ſurely ſuch acts of benevolence in the young muſt aſcend like the incenſe of the morning ſacrifice to Heaven, and enſure to them its choiceſt bleſſings!"

If ſuch was the echo of the Colonel's applauſe to the grateful tribute of the aged widow, what muſt have been the feelings of his daughter! The words ſhe heard were like the ſtrains of plaintive muſic, that ſoften the anguiſh of recollection, which they awaken in the breaſt. She earneſtly gazed upon the old woman, then penſively hung her

her head, as the image of her loſt Edward roſe to her mind: at laſt ſhe diverted her ſorrow, by laviſhing her careſſes upon the dog: ſhe kiſſed him in a tranſport of tenderneſs, was delighted at her father inviting Dame Flowerdale to dine at Lorton Houſe every Sunday; "and pray," ſaid Emily in a whiſper, when they left her—"always remember to bring *Rover* with you."

Each winding walk, each ſhady tree, each lofty mountain, reminded Emily of former days, and of places where ſhe had converſed with Edward. Mrs. Wilſon, by repeated and teizing letters to her and her father, ſtill continued to preſs her to marry Sir Lionel Wager.—Thus ſolicited upon a very unpleaſant ſubject, and frequently reminded of her loſs, her ſituation required the exerciſe of all her fortitude to prevent her ſinking into confirmed deſpondency. She ſometimes looked upon the world as a vaſt void, in which her heart felt little or no intereſt,—except when ſhe thought of her father.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXI.

Time is become the meſſenger of joy;
He wipes the tear from off the mourner's cheek,
And turns that tear to rapture. A.

THE contrivances of the deceitful are often as ſhallow as they are malicious. Mrs. Wilſon, and her aſſociate the Knight, might calculate upon the uncertainty of news from Egypt, but they could not prevent the arrival of letters. Some time after the return of Emily to Lorton Houſe, two letters were brought to the village from Edward, one for herſelf, and another for his father. Emily could ſcarcely truſt the evidence of her eyes, when ſhe ſaw the well known hand-writing and ſeal: for ſome time ſhe did not venture to open her letter, till Mrs. Mapleton encouraged

couraged her to break the ſeal. She read with tranſport—that Edward was perfectly well, and unalterably attached to her; and Mrs. Mapleton confirmed her joy by remarking this letter had a date ſubſequent to that, which had conveyed to Dr. Marriot the account of his ſon's death.

In a ſhort time Dr. Marriot arrived at Lorton Houſe; he found the ladies by themſelves, and read his letter to them, as well as his imperfect ſight would allow him; and had it not been for this defect, he muſt have fully witneſſed the overflowing delight of Emily, now riſing from deep dejection to the ſummit of gladneſs.

On the return of the Colonel the joyful tidings were communicated to him, and the congratulations made to Dr. Marriot were cordial and unbounded. The tranſition was eaſy and obvious from Edward's preſervation to Edward's merit: upon that topic, Colonel Lorton was copious and ardent. Actuated by his accuſtomed generoſity of ſentiment, he praiſed Edward Marriot in terms

terms ſo handſome for his general good conduct, and particularly for having ſacrificed his own comfort to a principle of filial duty, by leaving his native country at his father's requeſt, that they affected Emily with painful rapture. Her feelings were too powerful for longer concealment; no ſooner was Dr. Marriot gone, than ſhe confeſſed the whole of her ſecret attachment, firſt to her aunt, and then to her father.

The ſcene which followed may be imagined more eaſily, than deſcribed: the affectionate father embraced his daughter, wiped away her ſtreaming tears, relieved her tender ſorrow, and mildly chided her for her long concealment of the perſon, on whom ſhe had fixed her affections. "The letters juſt received," ſaid he, "have reſtored our tranquillity—but how are we to account for that, which made us ſo wretched? It is a dark, and I ſuſpect a malicious affair: I do not deſpair of diſcovering and finding means to puniſh its wicked authors." He aſſured Emily, that although he had always been ambitious to

continue

continue the honour of his antient family by her marrying ſuitably with her rank, yet he was willing to concede his wiſhes to her choice, ſince it was fallen upon a perſon of ſuch ſingular merit.

" Why," ſaid he, " ſhould I oppoſe the current of your inclination—why ſhould I exerciſe ſeverity, or rather injuſtice, and not allow you to value Edward for his *own* virtues, while I, influenced perhaps too much by the pride of anceſtry, value *myſelf* upon the virtues of *others?*"

The kind expreſſions of her father thus cheriſhing her darling hopes, lately ſo ſickly and drooping, reſembled the ſoft ſhowers of May reviving the bloſſoms, parched by the cold winds of a froſty ſpring.

Emily retired to her apartment, in a frame of mind to which ſhe had been long a ſtranger; a thouſand images of tenderneſs, affection, and happineſs gleamed before her fancy; ſhe addreſſed her prayers to the Almighty, and craved his bleſſing to reward her father's unremitting affection.

She

She thus obtained a ſtate of compoſure and inward joy, after a long depreſſion of ſpirits. From her windows ſhe commanded a view of an extenſive horizon, bounded by the dark outline of the ſhadowy mountains. The clouds were gradually diſperſing, the planet Venus led the van of the ſtarry train, and ſhone with peculiar brilliancy; and Emily was delighted to find a poem that harmoniſed with her preſent thoughts.

An Addreſs to the Planet Venus.

Faireſt of ſtars that gem the night!
Rich in the Sun's reflected light,
What earth-born diamond's poliſh'd blaze
Can vie with thy celeſtial rays?
Thee with more tranſport I ſurvey
Than all the gaudy ſcenes of day—
Scenes that no lenient balm impart
To ſoothe the anguiſh of the heart:
Say—does thy circling orb contain
The orange grove, and verdant plain,
Where youths, and blue-ey'd nymphs advance
To weave the mazes of the dance?
Where the ſhrill-ton'd nightingale
Warbles in the laurel vale,
Water'd by the ſilver tide
Of ſtreams that murmur, as they glide.

Where

Where the jaſmines thick entwine
Their boughs with flaunting eglantine,
Whoſe duſky ſhades and flowers among,
The turtles ſwell their amorous ſong.
Such groves of old in Cyprus iſle,
Venus! were gladden'd by thy ſmile;
When the fond ſwain, and bluſhing maid
Roſes enwreath'd with lilies laid
Upon thy conſecrated ſhrine,
To prove a tenderneſs like mine;
And Hymen, blithe with myrtle bands
Prepar'd to bind their willing hands.
Alonzo! how thy image dear
Calls to my eyes the ready tear,
To think—that far from Love, and me,
You brave the perils of the ſea.
Perchance as nightly watch you keep,
This orb reflected in the deep,
This moment may engage your view,
And while I fondly think on you,
Our eyes, and thoughts may ſocial fly
To the ſame diamond of the ſky.
How happy ſhould my love once more
Preſs with quick ſtep his native ſhore;
With me to rural ſhades retire,
There cheriſh ſoft affection's fire;
And may that fire, O Venus, ſhine
As bright, as pure, as long as thine!

CHAP. XXXII.

For ſuch the bounteous Providence of Heaven
In every breaſt implanting the deſire
Of objects new and ſtrange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to purſue
Thoſe ſacred ſtores that wait the ripening ſoul
In truth's exhauſtleſs boſom. What need words
To paint its power? For this the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping father's anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove. AKENSIDE.

WHILE Emily was thus recovering her ſpirits, Edward, the ſubject of her moſt tender thoughts, was purſuing his voyage and travels with well-directed curioſity.

The coaſts near the Levant preſented no objects in his opinion ſo deſerving notice as Judea,

Judea, on account of its intimate connection with the Holy Scriptures. With a Bible in his hand he ſurveyed many ſpots deſcribed by the inſpired writers. Influenced by feelings of veneration, ſimilar to thoſe formerly experienced by the pious pilgrims, he explored the city of Jeruſalem, and aſcended Mount Calvary, where the Saviour of the World ſuffered for the ſins of mankind. Upon the hallowed ſpot now ſtands the church of the Holy Sepulchre, reſpected even by the moſt zealous followers of Mahomet. Nor did he neglect to repair to the Mount of Olives, from whence our Lord pronounced the memorable prophecy fulfilled in the deſtruction of Jeruſalem by the Romans, and in the diſperſion of the Jews among all nations—and from whence his diſciples afterwards beheld his aſcenſion into Heaven.

Captain Wallis afterwards ſailed to Ptolemais, or St. Jean D'Acre, whoſe mouldering towers are waſhed by the billows of the ſea. As Edward exulted in every inſtance

of the martial glory of his countrymen, gratifying was the remembrance, that the valour of Britons had been repeatedly displayed in this place. Upon these walls Richard the First, King of England, named for his courage *Cœur de Lion*, planted the banner of the Cross during the second Crusade; and here the gallant Sir Sidney Smith, with a small party of marines and sailors, checked the progress of a French army, and compelled the ambitious Bonaparte to abandon his darling project of the conquest of Syria.

They passed the islands of Cyprus and Candia, both subject to the Turks, sailed up the Archipelago, saw various Greek islands, and reached the Hellespont. The opposite shores of Sestos and Abydos reminded them of the unhappy loves of Hero and Leander, described in the pathetic strains of Musæus. The view of the plain of Troy recalled many of the glowing descriptions of Homer in the Iliad—the beautiful Helen pointing out the Chiefs of the Grecian army, from

from the walls of Troy—the mournful parting of Hector and Andromache, and the ſtern Achilles, relenting at the ſight of the venerable Priam proſtrate at his feet, and ſupplicating him to reſtore the body of his ſon Hector.

Edward was convinced, that poetry may take ſome of her nobleſt flights from the ground of truth; as he obſerved many objects correſponding, even at this remote diſtance of time, with the geographical ſketches of the Grecian bard. "Yonder," ſaid he, to his friend Captain Wallis, who enjoyed ſuch a proſpect as much as himſelf, "is Mount Ida commanding from its lofty ſummits a wide view of the ſubject plains, and the azure and broad Helleſpont; down the ſides of this claſſic mountain flowed the Simois and Scamander, now reduced to ſcanty ſtreams, and probably beneath the lofty mounds of earth we ſee before us, many of the illuſtrious Chiefs of Greece and Troy were buried."

"How do theſe ſcenes remind me of my obligations to that moſt original, and moſt ſublime

ſublime of all poets, the great Mæonian bard, for his beautiful views of nature, his nice diſcriminations of character, his vivid deſcriptions of the paſſions, all conveyed in the moſt expreſſive and harmonious language that ever flowed from mortal lips. How gladly, now I am in this part of the world, would I repair

To Argos fam'd for ſteeds, for beauty more;

or to any other of the rival cities either in Europe or Aſia, that contended for the honour of his birth; if I could aſcertain which of them had the beſt claim to that diſtinction. But vain is my ſearch—antiquity has buried the ſubject in the darkeſt oblivion; we muſt therefore conſider the works of Homer, as we did the waters of the Nile in Egypt; while purſuing its majeſtic courſe, it fertilizes the ſoil, and flowers and fruits in abundance ſpring up under its prolific influence; but its ſource is unknown and obſcure;—perhaps is undiſcoverable."

They paſſed the rocky iſlands of Marmora, through the narrow ſea of that name. The waves were dark, over which the ſhip glided with a ſwift and ſteady courſe, while the ragged ſummits of the rocks were brightened by the mild radiance of the moon.

Nothing could exceed the grandeur of the varied proſpects, as they ſailed up the Helleſpont, or ſea of the Dardanelles, and viewed on one ſide the cultivated ſhores of Europe, and on the other the wild and deſolate plains of Aſia. Olympus topped with ſnow, famed by the poets as the reſidence of the heathen gods, appeared elevated far above the long range of the Aſiatic mountains. They approached the caſtle of the Seven Towers, which ſeemed to riſe out of the water with an air of antique grandeur. Carrying an eaſy ſail, they paſſed near the gardens of the ſeraglio, where the fair females of Georgia and Circaſſia are confined within lofty walls, dependant on the deſpotic will and caprice of the Grand Signor; and where the captive Fatima, cloſely watched by his devoted

devoted ſlaves, in vain looks through the grated window of her apartment, with a ſigh for that ſweet freedom, which ſhe ſees the ſongſters of the ſurrounding groves enjoy.

The proſpect of Conſtantinople began to open fully to the view. This city is, by way of eminence, very properly called the *Port*, as it poſſeſſes advantages for navigation and commerce ſuperior to any other harbour in the world. It riſes from the ſea to the lofty ſummits of ſeven hills covered with buildings, and the whole place appears one grand aſſemblage of ſplendid objects, extending over a ſpace of about twelve miles, and diverſified by towers, palaces, moſques, baths, and caravanſeras, interſperſed with gardens and groves.

As they were approaching within full proſpect of this magnificent city, the ſun, obſcured at its firſt riſing, gradually broke through the clouds, and poured its brightneſs around: its beams illumined the minarets and gilded domes of the moſques; the breezes gently ſwelled the ſails, and curled the

the verdant waves; and the ſoft and balmy air was perfumed with the mingled fragrance of oranges, pomegranates, and aromatic ſhrubs that grew on the ſloping banks cloſe to the margin of the ſea.

" This mild climate, and theſe luxurious ſcenes," ſaid Edward, " delightful as they are in themſelves, loſe more than half their charms, as their poſſeſſors are ſubject to the miſeries and the reſtraints of a moſt deſpotic government. The inſtant the Grand Signor gives the ſignal, the fatal bow-ſtring is applied to the neck of any one of his ſubjects, whether innocent or guilty. The prince is a tyrant, and his people are not only ſlaves, but fanatics; and their religious enthuſiaſm prompts them to oppreſſion, and to cruelty. What though the banner of Mahomet bears the bright and glittering creſcent, this is no emblem of the light of knowledge, or of virtue in its ſupporters.

Dark are the minds of the Muſſulmen, and jealous and ferocious are their tempers; elſe why do they immure ſo many women

in

in hopeleſs confinement, and place ſo heavy a yoke upon the necks of the Chriſtian Greeks? Alas! their triumph over our holy religion is too evident in every object we behold: obſerve with what haſte the votaries of the falſe prophet of Arabia are crowding into the moſque of St. Sophia, reſplendent with its golden cupola. It was once a Chriſtian temple, diſtinguiſhed by the ſacred ſymbol of the croſs, and its walls once re-echoed the praiſes of the Redeemer of Mankind."

"I ſuppoſe," ſaid Captain Wallis, "we may trace in the vices, diviſions, and conteſts of the Chriſtians after the reign of Conſtantine the Great, the principal cauſes, that led the way to the ſucceſs of Mahomet in the propagation of his religion."

"You are right," replied Edward, "and we cannot be much ſurprized at the wide extent of this deluſion, when we conſider how compulſory a method was uſed to ſpread it, and how artfully its precepts were adapted to the cuſtoms of the Eaſtern people.

"What

" What would you think, my dear Captain, of a ſhip which made its way, and reached a diſtant port in oppoſition to wind and tide and adverſe ſtorms. Such obſtacles did the Chriſtian religion ſurmount; it muſt therefore be of divine origin. Our bleſſed Saviour commanded his diſciples to preach it; and wonderful to obſerve! ignorant, illiterate, and humble as they were, for ſome were fiſhermen, and others tent-makers, they planted it in a very ſhort time in the cities of Europe and Aſia, when moſt enlightened by learning and philoſophy; and this purpoſe they effected in oppoſition to the prejudices of the vulgar, the arguments of the wiſe, and the power of kings.

" Had Mahomet ſuch formidable enemies to contend with? No, indeed; and ſo far was he from oppoſing the tide of popular prejudices, that he ſwam with it. So far from depending on divine aſſiſtance, he had recourſe to the moſt obvious and ſummary human methods to enſure ſucceſs to his projects. He took his Koran in one hand, and brandiſhed his

his ſcimitar with the other; and thoſe converts whom he could not gain by perſuaſion, he ſecured by arms. Had he not employed force to effect his purpoſe, his name would never have been known beyond the confines of Medina, the place of his birth; nor ſhould we ever have heard of the prophet of Arabia, or his pretended miſſion."

They explored the ſhores of Greece, now called Romelia, and haſtened to Athens. From the rocky ſteep of the Acropolis or Citadel, they viewed the temples and other antient public buildings, magnificent even in ruins. The proſpect recalled to their remembrance the brighteſt periods of Grecian glory. The mean houſes of the modern Greeks, ſupported by the lofty colonnades, and ſculptured pillars of antient temples, are melancholy emblems of degeneracy of character and the decline of the arts.

"If I did not give full credit," ſaid the Captain to Edward, as they were walking through the ſtreets of Athens, "to the accounts recorded in hiſtory, I could not believe

lieve the mean and ſlaviſh wretches whom we here ſee, ſubmitting like beaſts of burthen to the blows of the Turks, to be the deſcendants of thoſe high-ſpirited and martial people, the antient Greeks."

" Add to the evidence of hiſtory," ſaid Edward, " two other proofs, which may contribute to ſettle the point. You may trace in their converſation, corrupt as it is, much of the language of the old Athenians, and you may ſee in their fine and intelligent faces a ſtriking reſemblance of the antient coins, medals, and ſtatues."

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIII.

———Thus the Cecropian bee
Taſtes the ſweet cup of every fragrant flower,
And laden with Hymettus' honied ſpoils,
Wings to her native hive her airy way. A.

"WHAT a happy privilege have we lately enjoyed," ſaid Edward to Captain Wallis, "when we trod the claſſic ground once inhabited by the nobleſt people in the world! How did theſe antient Greeks ſoar above the reſt of their ſpecies! they were alike diſtinguiſhed by genius, valour, and an enthuſiaſtic love of liberty. They excelled in every effort of the human mind. The epic, lyric, tragic, and paſtoral Muſes were equally favourable to the fancy of their Poets: their Orators pleaded with all the perſuaſion that eloquence

eloquence could inſpire: their Painters and Sculptors repreſented the perfect images of Strength, of Beauty, and of Paſſion on the glowing canvas, and the Parian marble: their Philoſophers taught the ſublime truths of Science and Morality, and their Hiſtorians have perpetuated ſome of the beſt human exploits, by recording the magnanimous exertions of their countrymen in the ſervice of freedom and independence, and their triumphs over the tyrants of the Eaſt who attempted to enſlave them.

" But theſe antient Greeks appear in the moſt engaging light, and merit the fulleſt meaſure of our praiſe, when conſidered as the Inſtructors of the weſtern world. We endeavour to catch the ſpirit of their Poets, we collect examples of virtue from their Hiſtorians, and we learn the leſſons of wiſdom from their Sages. Antient Greece has imparted to us the true principles of Taſte, not only in literature, but in various arts, whether uſeful or ornamental. Their architecture is our model, when we erect buildings

ings in the pureſt ſtile—no dreſs of the fair is thought ſo graceful as the Grecian Coſtume, and no decorations ſo elegant as thoſe borrowed from Grecian deſigns.

" In the character and manners," continued Edward, " of theſe noble people, is it our national vanity, or is it Truth itſelf, that cauſes us to ſee a reſemblance to the natives of Great Britain? We purſue ſimilar paths of ſcience and philoſophy, and endeavour to excel in all their elegant arts: we aſpire to that urbanity and refinement of manners, which aroſe out of their general intercourſe with mankind. Like them we increaſe our luxuries by extenſive commerce, and enlarge our dominions by the valour of our ſailors. We ſeem to have reached that pitch of proſperity, from which they began to decline into degeneracy: let us take care to preſerve our poſition; and how can this poſition be better maintained, than by the uniform practice of every *religious* and *moral* duty; by guarding our incomparable Conſtitution, with unremitting vigilance, againſt the

the assaults of *all* its enemies; and by the Great setting the best examples to their inferiors—by the Instructors of youth teaching this lesson to the rising generation—'THAT THE PATH OF VIRTUE ALONE LEADS TO HAPPINESS.' If these methods be not carefully pursued, the sun of British glory will set; and whether we have resembled antient Greece or not in our progress to glory, we shall certainly be like it in our decline and decay; and we shall lose—irrecoverably lose, our high, our preeminent rank among the nations of Europe; for whatever shallow reasoners may argue to the contrary, *the political power of a country, in order to be durable, must be inseparably connected with religious and moral excellence.*"

Such were the remarks made by Edward to Captain Wallis, as they continued their course in the Mediterranean. The island of Sicily appeared gradually to rise out of the sea, and Mount Etna towered majestic above all the varied prospects of land and

ocean. Light clouds floated in the air far below its ſummit, while the volumes of blue ſmoke, iſſuing from its crater, ſlowly aſcended, and ſeemed to connect the earth with the heavens.

Wherever Edward arrived in the courſe of this intereſting voyage, with whatever ſociety he mixed, however gay the face of nature, or beautiful the works of art, ſtill the love of his father, his Emily, and his native country, was ſo far from being undiminiſhed, that in proportion to his diſtance from the ſhores of Great Britain, the greater proved their influence, the more powerful their attractions. Thus the needle, once touched with the loadſtone, may be directed to any quarter of the compaſs; but left to itſelf, it inclines to one point, and fixes invariably there.

He often lamented that he poſſeſſed ſo few tokens of Emily's love. A bunch of lavender, tied by her own hands with a narrow blue ribbon, a glove, and a drawing, were all the preſents he had. He frequently

looked at the drawing with fond attention—the ſubject was the Fair Maid of Corinth, and it brought to his mind the pleaſing remembrance of his ſitting by Emily's ſide in the hermitage one beautiful evening in the ſummer, when ſhe copied this drawing from one of his own. He often ſtole away from his companions to his cabin, to enjoy the ſight of theſe treaſures, and then locked them up with as much vigilance, and more heartfelt pleaſure, than the miſer ſecures his bags of hoarded gold.

They ſoon came within ſight of Malta. Its firſt appearance is ſingular and ſtriking. The whole iſland ſeems to conſiſt of white rows of fortifications, riſing one above another. A nearer view preſented the grand towers and ſpires of Malta and Valetta, and thoſe lines of formidable batteries, which ſet at defiance every open attack of an enemy. As they were ſailing into the harbour the ſun was ſetting, the weſtern part of the heavens was coloured with a golden glow,

ſo well repreſented in the pictures of Claude Loraine; the whole eaſtern quarter of the ſky, for ſome time after the ſun had ſunk below the horizon, bluſhed with deep crimſon, and the ſea, for a great extent, was tinted with the ſame rich and beautiful colour. The waves, impelled by the effects of a ſtorm that had recently happened, were ſtill high, and rolled in large and regular billows. The gentle breezes, dying away at the approach of night, were favourable to the courſe of the ſhip, and the farther they proceeded in the harbour, the more was their attention caught by the Malteſe and Sicilian ſailors chanting their evening hymns to the Virgin Mary.

Their ſtrains were ſimple and ſolemn, in perfect harmony with the grand proſpect around; they beat exact time with their oars, and ſang in excellent tune. Captain Wallis and Edward Marriot, as well as many of the Officers, declared they never were more pleaſed at an Opera, or an Oratorio.

torio. The following is a ſpecimen of one of their hymns; the ſubject aroſe out of local circumſtances, and it is curious to obſerve, that, by an ingenious tranſition, not uncommon in many inſtances in Catholic Countries, the Malteſe refer to the mother of our bleſſed Saviour that influence over the ocean, which their Pagan anceſtors attributed to Venus, the goddeſs of Beauty.

A HYMN OF THE MALTESE MARINERS.

I.

Queen of the Sea, ordain'd to prove
Our dear Redeemer's filial love,
Bend from thy ſtarry throne above,
O beata Virgine!

II.

Whene'er the beating tempeſt roars,
O give freſh vigour to our oars,
That we ſecure may reach our ſhores,
O beata Virgine!

III.

Whene'er the rolling billows ſleep,
And zephyrs fan the level deep,
Chant we, while all due meaſure keep,
O beata Virgine!

IV. Ye

iv.

Ye white-cross Knights, the sacred train,
Look from your tow'rs that shade the main,
Repeat—repeat our choral strain,
O beata Virgine!

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIV.

——— Muſing Meditation moſt affects
The penſive ſecrecy of deſert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunts of men, and herds.
MILTON.

AT the extremity of the lawn, in the front of Lorton Houſe, there was a wood, interſected with winding walks. One of them led to a hermitage, cloſe to a riſing bank, where the river formed a natural caſcade, that foamed and ſparkled amid the dark rocks, and verdant ſaplings. Emily had ſuperintended the fitting up this ſequeſtered building with her accuſtomed taſte. It was thatched; the fragrant cluſters of the clematis and lonicera covered the front. It was lined completely within with moſſes of various

various kinds; old painted glaſs, of rich and vivid hues, adorned the gothic windows, and Emily had, with her own hands, arranged marcaſites of various ſhapes and colours, petrifactions, dried plants, and other natural curioſities, in the windows, and along the walls. Upon a ruſtic table were the proper appendages of a hermit, an hour-glaſs, crucifix, beads, and a miſſal. The chairs were made of plain unbarked branches of yew-tree, wreathed together; and in a receſs were placed a well furniſhed book-caſe and a guitar. An Eolian harp was fixed in one of the windows, and whenever the breezes roſe, diffuſed its wild and ſwelling melodies through the grove.

This was a pleaſing retreat at all hours of a ſummer's day, but never more ſo, than when the ſun glanced his declining beams upon the roof, and gilded the ruſtling leaves of the ſhrubs and trees; and when, as the ſhades of evening drew near, the woodbines exhaled a richer fragrance than at any other time of the day. Hither Emily and her aunt

aunt came ſometimes to read and work, and Emily wandered occaſionally alone to indulge her melancholy muſings.

Over the porch of the Hermitage was a ſtone tablet, in which was cut the following inſcription.

INSCRIPTION AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE HERMITAGE.

I.

STRANGER, to ſmooth thy brow of care,
To eaſe thy heavy load of woes,
Kind Solitude invites thee here,
And lends her couch of ſoft repoſe:
No noiſe, no crowds her ſhades moleſt,
For here the turtles build their neſt.

II.

Say, doſt thou glow with Homer's fire?
Here ſoar on Fancy's boldeſt wing;
Or canſt thou tune a Sappho's lyre,
And wake to life the echoing ſtring?
The warblers of this laurel grove,
Will teach thee notes of joy and love.

III. Or

III.

Or doſt thou ſearch in Nature's ſtore
The glittering ſpar, the ſpeckled ſhell,
The valley or the mountain flow'r?
Theſe beauties gaily dreſs my cell:
With laviſh hand fair Flora ſtrews
The jaſmine's fragrant ſtars, the dewy roſe.

IV.

Or if Religion prompts thy ſoul,
To ſoar above theſe earth-born toys;
Low bending raiſe thy voice on high,
And pray for her more perfect joys;
Intruder need'ſt thou never fear,
Unleſs ſome Angel ſtoops from heaven to hear.

Nothing ſoothed the mind of Emily ſo much as muſic; but ſhe had loſt all reliſh for lively airs; thoſe ſhe now played were of a plaintive kind; often did her fingers run wildly over the keys, and her whole ſoul was diffuſed over her rapturous touch. Sometimes as ſhe ſtruck out a voluntary, ſhe threw ſuch melting pathos into it, that her father could not avoid ſeeing more than once,

as

as he ſat oppoſite to her, a tear trickling faſt down her cheek, and her boſom heave with ſighs. Doubts and fears diſturbed her; much time had elapſed ſince ſhe had heard of Edward, and fancy was buſy in imagining the worſt that could befal him; he might be inconſtant,—or he might be no more, as he was expoſed to ſo many dangers and hardſhips, engaged in a hoſtile expedition, and liable to the maladies of a hot and pernicious climate.

Yet, as a proof, that however fluctuating or low her ſpirits, her *temper* retained its original ſweetneſs, an incident may be mentioned.

Mrs. Goodall, the excellent lady deſcribed in the Letter on *Devotion*, had made Emily at parting a preſent of a beautiful gold watch, ſet round with pearls, and a gold chain and ſeals. With this gift Emily was much delighted—ſhe ſet a high value upon it, and ſhowed it to her father and friends with great pleaſure. One day ſhe miſſed it, and no inquiry after it for ſome time was ſatisfactory.

At

At laſt, on obſerving one of the ſervants very much dejected, ſhe inquired the cauſe. "O Miſs," ſaid the girl, burſting into tears—"your watch—yeſterday morning I let it fall, and it is broke all to pieces, and ſo I dared not tell you where it was."

Emily, on examining it, found the glaſs broke, and the gold caſe battered, ſeveral of the pearls forced out, and ſome loſt. What a trial of temper was this for ſuch a watch, ſo beautiful, ſo highly prized! She heſitated, however, not a moment to appeaſe the ſorrow of the girl, who ſtood crying, and hiding her face with her apron. "Dry your tears," ſaid ſhe, in a tone of condeſcenſion and complacency, "I am not angry—I am ſure you feel more than I do, and I am confident, from your general conduct, that the fall of my watch was the effect not of deſign, or negligence, but of mere accident."

Some hours in each day were employed in reading to her father, and the ſelection of books was left to her own choice. Her chief delight was poetry:—Shakeſpeare, Milton, Thomſon,

Thomſon, and a few bards more modern, whoſe ſtrains glowed with the warmth of ſenſibility, were her favourites. She ſometimes read aloud to her father and aunt, with peculiar propriety, and her tone of voice and expreſſion convinced them how deeply ſhe was affected by the ſentiments conveyed in theſe lines.

I.

O WHY, partial Nature, in thy diſpenſations,
Does Man more than Woman thy tenderneſs prove?
O why muſt *ſhe* bear without change the ſenſations,
That riſe in her boſom from Love, hopeleſs Love?

II.

Henry ploughs the wide ocean, regardleſs of dangers,
And unfurls the white ſail to the favouring gale;
Forgets his ſoft anguiſh in converſe with ſtrangers,
On the Rhine's winding ſhores, or in Arno's green vale.

III.

Or he blunts Cupid's darts with the gorget of Glory,
And reſplendent in arms ſeeks the martial affray;
Then crown'd with freſh laurels recounts his glad ſtory,
And in goblets of wine drowns the toil of the day.

v. Whilſt

IV.

Whilſt *Emma* condemn'd on the ſame ſpot to languiſh,
Like the nightingale fix'd in her priſon, a ſlave,
Finds no eaſe that ſweet Liberty gives for her anguiſh,
No relief but complaint, and no change—but the grave.

V.

On that ſpot ſhall the roſes ſhe lov'd be ſeen growing,
On that ſpot ſhall her fugitive lover appear,
The tribute of ſighs on her mem'ry beſtowing,
And watering the roſes with many a tear!

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXV.

Has the poor child a ſoul as well as thou,
As capable as thine of pure Religion,
Its humble practice and its high rewards?
Then open to his eyes the page of Knowledge,
Teach him the leſſons of the Book of Life,
Lead him with reverence to God's holy temple,
And train him in the ſchool of diſcipline.
Then will no more thy Country mourn her laws
Infring'd, but all her lowly ſons will ſeek
Her welfare as their own.—— A.

THERE was one kind of employment to which Emily devoted many of her leiſure hours. In the village was a ſmall ſchool for the cottage children kept by Mrs. Affleck, a very reſpectable widow, who had been well educated, and had ſeen better days. Hither Emily had been accuſtomed to repair,

pair, and to take a part in the inſtruction of the children. She often heard them ſay their leſſons, repeat their Catechiſm, and rehearſe the Pſalms they were to ſing in the church on the following Sunday. Nor had her reſidence in London relaxed her zeal, or deſtroyed her reliſh by any vain conceit or modiſh refinement, for ſuch an occupation.

Under her preſent circumſtances, it was a pleaſing refuge from her own thoughts to aſſiſt her humble friend two or three times in the courſe of the week. Whenever Emily appeared, joy ſparkled in the eyes of her little group of ſcholars; and if ſhe came when they were playing on the green, in front of the ſchool-houſe, they left off to run to her; if ſhe appeared during the time of ſtudy, when ſhe entered the ſchool, they all roſe up, nor did their miſtreſs wiſh to reſtrain the innocent ardour of their reſpect.

The ſchool was regulated with great judgment by Mrs. Affleck, and its diſcipline was adapted much more to the hopes than

the

the fears of the ſcholars. On a ſhelf were diſplayed, as incentives to diligence in ſtudy and general good behaviour, balls, whips, knives, and paper kites for the deſerving boys, and dolls, ſciſſars, and ribbons for the girls. Theſe articles coſt little, and ſpared the neceſſity of many a correction. when they were diſtributed, Emily was generally preſent, and the countenances of the young group of the order of merit beamed with delight around her.

Emily often brought little preſents of cakes and books for the moſt deſerving; and they in their turn, gathered primroſes, cowſlips, and other wild flowers, and contended who ſhould firſt preſent them to her. One little boy, as he was reading this paſſage in the Pſalms to her, *who maketh his Angels ſpirits*, turned ſuddenly and ſaid, looking her full in the face, "Are you not an Angel, Miſs Lorton?"—"Why do you think ſo?" ſaid ſhe; "becauſe," ſaid the boy, "you look ſo kind, and talk ſo ſweetly." If this

was flattery, it was surely the flattery of nature.

The merit of beneficence is not complete, unless it be occasionally exercised at the expense of some privation of our own particular comfort or luxury. Her father had given Emily some money, in addition to her usual allowance, as he wished to see her appear in a new dress on her birth-day. When the day came, she made her appearance at dinner, dressed indeed, as she uniformly was, with taste and simplicity, but not in the manner he expected. "You know, my dear," said he, expressing in his looks some surprize, "I am always happy to see you grace this happy occasion in an appropriate manner; why then do you disappoint me? Have your mantua-maker and your milliner both forgot you; or have you forgot yourself?"

Emily blushed and looked a little confused, recovering herself however, "dear father," said she, "if you wish to know the reason of my being dressed as I usually am,

I will

I will tell you,—and I hope my confeſſion will not excite your diſpleaſure. Poor Mrs. Affleck was reduced to ſuch diſtreſs, becauſe ſome of her ſcholars are greatly in arrears, and ſhe cannot receive any of their money before harveſt, that I lent—that is—gave her the money I received of you; and delighted, as you know I always am, with a new dreſs, no one ever gave me half the pleaſure I enjoyed, when I put my purſe into her grateful hands. To you, deareſt father, I make this confeſſion without reſerve; but I ſhould be ſorry any other perſon in the village ſhould be made acquainted with poor Mrs. Affleck's wants."

"Generous girl!" exclaimed the Colonel, "baniſh every thought of my diſpleaſure; for your conduct charms me as an excellence, and ſtimulates me as an example. How often do your looks, and ſtill more your actions, remind me of your mother!—ſurely her angelic ſpirit hovers over you and prompts you to ſuch acts of benevolence. May your virtues,

the exercise of which constitute my happiness, and are the subjects of my admiration, meet with their full recompense from the Father of all mercies!"

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVI.

Sea-circled Malta! from whoſe lofty brow,
The laurel only will ſpontaneous grow,
Which decks with verdant wreathes from age to age,
The Chiefs, that blazon Chivalry's fair page:
Thy marble heights in tow'ring pride diſplay
White ramparts gilded by the riſing day;
What though thy Champions of the Faith no more
Repel the Turkiſh ſquadrons from thy ſhore;
What though thy white-croſs bands with rites divine,
No more bend ſuppliant round the Baptiſt's ſhrine;
Yet Britain, guardian of each injur'd ſtate,
Sends her bold ſons to raiſe thy ſinking fate;
Unfurls her ſtandard on thy rocky throne,
Rules with mild ſway thy children as her own;
And pleas'd thy laws inviolate to keep,
With naval thunder awes thy ſubject deep. A.

THE only letter Edward received from Emily in the courſe of his abſence, he found at Malta. It was an anſwer to one of his,

his, written in ſuch a manner as to do honour to her underſtanding and candour. She hinted more than once at her regard for him, and although he might fairly conclude from her expreſſions, that ſhe preferred him to all her other admirers, ſhe avowed her fixed determination never to marry without the full conſent of her father. Of the teizing courtſhip of the Knight, and the unkind behaviour of Mrs. Wilſon, ſhe ſaid not a word from motives of delicacy; but ſhe told him, ſhe highly approved his conduct in leaving England from motives of filial duty, and concluded her letter with ſome alluſions to her own declining health. This laſt circumſtance awakened the moſt anxious concern in the mind of Edward, and he returned an immediate anſwer, replete with expreſſions of the moſt ardent affection and unalterable love. This was the letter which led to the detection of Sir Lionel Wager's forgery.

Edward, with his uſual activity, employed himſelf in examining whatever was curious

in

in the renowned iſland of Malta; and in cultivating an acquaintance with the moſt reſpectable perſons, to whom he could procure an introduction.

Malta ſtruck his attention as a very intereſting place. Like Gibraltar, it ſhows the extenſive power of the Britiſh Navy. Great Britain, by having theſe two ſtations in her poſſeſſion, holds the keys of the Mediterranean Sea and of Egypt. Malta has derived its celebrity from being the reſidence of the Knights, who compoſed an inſtitution partly of a religious and partly of a military nature. This romantic ſyſtem ſprung from the Cruſades, and preſerved till very lately its original ſpirit. The Knights were perſons of noble families, natives of popiſh nations; and their vows bound them to celibacy, to ſuppreſs piracy, and wage perpetual war againſt the Turks.

The corn which grows in Malta is not ſufficient for the conſumption of its inhabitants; yet nature abundantly rewards their attention to the cultivation of fruits, for the

moſt

moſt delicious oranges, melons, olives, and grapes abound; and ſo genial is the climate, that three crops of figs in one year is not an unuſual growth. Of Malta and Valetta, the inhabitants amount to 50,000; the ſtreets are ſpacious and regularly built, and the houſes of white ſtone are elegant and grand. The women are of a dark complexion, handſome, and have very fine eyes: the men are polite, and their language is a mixed dialect, chiefly compoſed of Arabic.

At the time Edward arrived, a few of the Knights ſtill remained in the Iſland, in conſequence of the kind treatment they experienced from the Engliſh. Among them was the *Baron Belfield*, a German nobleman, of an amiable diſpoſition, conſiderable attainments, and elegant manners. Edward had heard a very favourable character of the Baron, which his converſation and behaviour to him fully juſtified. Their attentions to each other ſoon ripened into intimacy and mutual attachment. He was delighted with Edward for his ingenuous diſpoſition and

amiable qualities—for the goodneſs of his heart and the ſoundneſs of his underſtanding. Edward ſympathiſed with the Baron for his ſufferings, and honoured him for his bravery; for he had received wounds from the hands of aſſaſſins, who had attempted his life; and when the French attacked Malta, as he was defending one of the out-poſts, a bullet had penetrated his leg, and he could not move without aſſiſtance.

The Baron reſided in a palace in the city of Valetta; the fineſt orange-trees flouriſhed in his extenſive garden, and preſented the gay and beautiful appearance of foliage of the richeſt verdure intermixed with bloſſoms, and green and ripe fruit hanging from the heavily laden boughs, and perfuming the air with fragrance. Here they retired to converſe, ſcreened from the fervid rays of the ſun, in a bower of odoriferous ſhrubs, enjoying the cool breezes wafted from the ocean, and hearing the gentle murmurs of the ſurge that broke upon the rocks at their feet.

"I have

" I have a high reſpect for your order," ſaid Edward, " and I think it will be a laſting reproach to the European Monarchs, if it be not re-eſtabliſhed."

" Your reſpect," replied the Baron, " will be much increaſed, if you recollect the nature of our inſtitution, which was not only deſigned to maintain the Chriſtian faith againſt the infidels, but to diſplay the virtue of charity, the brighteſt jewel of our holy religion. Our order has ſubſiſted nearly 700 years; we trace its origin from the Knights Hoſpitallers of St. John of Jeruſalem; it was their benevolent occupation to attend the ſick pilgrims, who viſited that holy city. We have always kept this noble example in view, and I can refer you to an eminent proof, that in modern times, we have preſerved the genuine ſpirit of our original inſtitution.

" In the memorable ſummer of 1783, when the earthquakes happened in Calabria, neither the continual and violent ſtorms nor the raging ſea could intimidate us;—for as ſoon

ſoon as we heard of the deſtructive effects of the earthquakes, we equipped our gallies, and prevailed upon the moſt ſkilful of our medical men to accompany us, and took with us every article we thought requiſite on an occaſion ſo diſtreſſing. The ſtandard of St. John Baptiſt, our tutelary ſaint, floated in the air, and was the firſt ſignal of relief to thouſands of wretched ſufferers, who ſtood upon the ſhores of Meſſina with outſtretched arms, and ſuppliant cries, imploring us to haſten to their aſſiſtance. With eagerneſs we ſprang on ſhore; we diſtributed proviſions among the neceſſitous, we ſearched under the ruins of palaces and houſes for the unhappy wretches buried under them by the dreadful convulſion: we proceeded to the huts raiſed in the fields, where ſome had ſought an aſylum; whilſt others were ſtretched on the ground bathed in blood, and fainting with their bruiſes. We dreſſed their wounds, and ſupplied them with food and clothing.

" We

"We beheld their ſtreaming eyes, and claſped hands raiſed towards heaven; we heard them utter the moſt earneſt ſupplications to the throne of mercy, that bleſſings might deſcend on our heads. Theſe were the only returns they could make—the ſole recompenſe we deſired. And what prayers, my friend, can be more effectual to call down bleſſings from above, than thoſe of the diſtreſſed for their benefactors? Aſſuredly the angels and holy martyrs liſten to them with delight, and the Moſt High regards them with approbation.

"Had we expected temporal good to be the reward of our labour of Chriſtian love, we ſhould have miſunderſtood the genius and ſpirit of our inſtitution. We know by the example of thoſe who have 'fought the good fight,' in maintenance of the holy faith of our Redeemer in former times,—that the great object of our high calling can be nothing in the compaſs of this world to beſtow—nothing inferior to the crown of celeſtial glory.

glory. But from whatever quarter our afflictions were ordained to come, leaſt of all did we expect, that thoſe once conſidered as the moſt zealous ſupporters of the Catholic faith, would be the authors of our diſgrace and ruin. To Frenchmen, even to thoſe Frenchmen who were Knights of our Order, who had taken the moſt ſolemn vows to maintain its ſtability and guard its honour, we owe its fall—Yes, and worſe than its fall, the everlaſting diſgrace they have brought upon it by their baſeneſs and treachery."

"You allude, no doubt, Sir," ſaid Edward, "to the conduct of thoſe French Knights, who betrayed the Iſland to Bonaparte and Admiral Brueys, when the army and fleet under their command ſtopped here, in their voyage to Egypt:—but ſurely they did not preſume to violate the ſanctity of your religious places."

"Yes," rejoined the Baron, riſing from his ſeat, with reſentment flaſhing from his expreſſive eyes, and his right arm extended,

as

as if in the act of chastising the insolence of some unmerited affront—"Yes—traitors to their God, as well as enemies to man, they plundered the Churches—even that of St. John. The consecrated standards of our holy Order, the golden candlesticks, and the sacred vessels were carried away by these impious renegadoes. In vain did we remonstrate—in vain solicit their restoration. They did not however exult long in their easy conquest, before they reaped the bitter fruits of their sacrilege, and your countrymen were destined by Providence to be the agents of its merited vengeance. The invincible NELSON, armed as it were with the elements, in the night of August the first, in 1801, attacked their fleet as it lay in a state of fancied security in the Bay of Aboukir. The sea and the heavens were illumined far and wide by the fire of his incessant artillery: his onset was unexpected as the lightning, and as fatal too; his attack was crowned with complete success, and strange to tell—but mark the ways of Heaven—the

L'Orient

L'Orient, the Admiral's ſhip and the largeſt of all the fleet, laden with the ſpoils of our Churches was blown up at the beginning of the action, and nearly all her crew periſhed in a moment. The fate of the reſt of the ſhips I need not mention; for how can any one, and eſpecially an Engliſhman, be ignorant of that great victory, the glory of which is extended throughout the globe."

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVII.

I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril, and advent'rous ſpirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unſteadfaſt footing of a ſpear.

FIRST PART OF HENRY IV.

AN accident occurred, which gave Edward an opportunity of rendering an important ſervice to his noble friend the Baron. While he was at ſupper in a diſtant part of Valetta, news was brought, that the hotel in which he lodged was in flames. He had there, in addition to his clothes and baggage, ſome favourite books, the journal of his travels,

and

and the letters he had received from his friends;—he inquired impatiently, if the flames had reached the next houſe, this was the Baron's palace—and he was told it was all in a blaze. Away he flew like lightning, regardleſs of himſelf or his property; his only concern was to ſave the Baron, who had been for ſome days confined to his apartment, in conſequence of one of his wounds becoming worſe. This was the criſis for an ardent effort of friendſhip. "Alas!" exclaimed Edward, as he entered the hall, "the ſtaircaſe already ſmokes, and his apartment is at the farther end, how ſhall I reach it? The Baron is helpleſs, and perhaps alone, for the ſervants are flying in all directions; what if he be left to periſh —what if he expects my aſſiſtance, and is now calling upon his Marriot!"

He ruſhed forward, regardleſs of danger, and burſting open the door, ſeized his friend; his intrepidity gave him ſtrength redoubled, ſo that with the aſſiſtance of one

domeſtic, the truſty Rinaldo, the Baron was conveyed to a houſe on the oppoſite ſide of the ſtreet.

It may be obſerved, that his own valuables in the hotel were all preſerved; a circumſtance very unimportant in Edward's opinion, as the Baron had, by his exertions, been enabled to eſcape the ravages of the fire.

When he afterwards reflected upon this incident, his heart exulted with conſcious ſatisfaction; its gratulations were as ardent as they were juſt. What felicity could exceed his own—he had formerly ſaved the life of Emily, his heart's deareſt treaſure; he had now preſerved Belfeld, his honoured friend.

Thoſe who are qualified by obſervation and experience, to make a juſt eſtimate of the gratifications, which human life can give, will not heſitate a moment to pronounce, that in none of the purſuits of the ſordid, the ambitious, or the voluptuous,

tuous, are any pleaſures to be found, comparable to ſuch as ſpring from the exerciſe of reſolution and courage exerted in the ſervice of thoſe who have gained, becauſe they merit our affection.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

O place me in ſome heav'n protected iſle,
Where Peace, and Equity, and Freedom ſmile;
Where no volcano pours his fiery flood,
No creſted warrior dips his plume in blood,
Where Power ſecures what Induſtry has won;
Where to ſucceed, is not to be undone:
A land that diſtant tyrants hate in vain,
In Britain's iſle, beneath a George's reign.

COWPER.

"AND whither, Sir," ſaid Edward to the Baron, "do you propoſe to go, as ſoon as your wounds will ſuffer you to quit Malta?" "The place," replied the Baron, "of my deſtination, although it has coſt me ſome ſtruggles of mind to determine the point, is fixed: I have been ſo long abſent from Germany, my native country, that all my near relations are dead; my property there

is

is conſiderable, and the ſtate of things is inſecure from the continued inroads of the French; and indeed their conduct in Malta has been ſo diſhonourable, that I can neither reliſh their ſociety, nor endure their domination: I will therefore convert my lands into money, and with it I will retire into the country where only life and property are perfectly ſecure.

"Britain! thou art the aſylum, where amidſt the degeneracy, the venality, and the ſervile ſtate of the nations of the Continent, liberty and independence are alone to be found:—Thou art the Parent of Magnanimity, Honour, and Benevolence; the Nurſe of Genius, Induſtry, and virtuous Enterprize: upon thy hoſpitable ſhores will I ſeek a refuge—there I ſhall find a people loyal, magnanimous, and free, ſprung from the ſame lineage as myſelf; over them reigns a Monarch deſcended from a race of German Heroes, the flag of whoſe ſovereignty is wafted by his invincible fleet to the confines of the globe, and whoſe paternal ſolicitude for

for the happineſs of his people is equally celebrated as his power. Under his foſtering protection I ſhall enjoy the bleſſings of ſecurity and toleration: my property is ſufficiently ample, not only to ſupport the dignity of my rank, and the reſpectability of my character, but to ſupply the wants of the diſtreſſed, in conformity to the precepts of my religion, and the rules of my order."

"I am delighted," replied Edward, "with your plan: permit me, I intreat you, to aſſiſt in its execution: our ſhip is under ſailing orders; the Captain, my intimate friend, will, at my requeſt, receive with joy a paſſenger ſo diſtinguiſhed as yourſelf. And ſhould we be ſo happy as to reach my beloved native ſhore, you may be aſſured of my father's beſt attentions: he will unite with me in fixing you in ſuch a reſidence as you deſire, and from the prepoſſeſſions you have formed, it will not, I flatter myſelf, be very difficult to convince you, that England, and not Malta, whatever their ſtrong prejudices in favour of their native rock may induce

induce the inhabitants to ſay, is the *Fiore del Mondo*, the Flower of the World."

"I have another inducement," continued the Baron, "to viſit England:—as often as the pain of my wounds reminds me of the danger of loſing my life, when the Bravos aſſaulted me at Naples, it reminds me likewiſe of my preſerver from their ſwords. The people, to whoſe care I was left, aſſured me, that the Officer who interfered and ſaved my life was an Engliſhman. As nothing would make me ſo happy as to find him out, and give him proofs of my gratitude, for this purpoſe I would travel through the world."

At Edward's earneſt requeſt, Captain Wallis received the Baron and his domeſtics on board as paſſengers to England. They had a quick and favourable voyage to Plymouth. After performing a very ſhort quarantine, they were allowed to land; and they travelled as faſt as the Baron's wounds would admit towards the North.

On

On their arrival at the town of Keſwick, Edward left his companion, with promiſes to return to him in a ſhort time. Great was his pleaſure when the blue mountains of Cumberland, which, by compariſon with thoſe he had ſeen abroad, ſeemed ſmaller than they formerly were, firſt appeared: the Lake of Keſwick gleamed upon his delighted eyes, and, on his nearer approach to its banks, he recognized the ſcenes and objects familiar to him in his boyiſh and youthful days—the tower of his father's church, the tall ſycamores, the hedge-rows, and the houſes of his native village. The recollection of the delights of former years, excited by the appearance of theſe dear objects, ruſhed on his mind, and in the words of Guarini, his favourite Italian poet, he exclaimed,

Care ſilve beate,
E voi ſolinghi, taciturni orrori,
Ah quanto volontiere,
A revidervi Io torno!

Dear

Dear ſolitary hills, and ſilent woods,
Sweet verdant vales, and gently murmuring floods!
With anguiſh once I bade your ſcenes adieu;
O with what rapture I return to you!

He entered his native village at the cloſe of the day—he had been ſo long without hearing from Emily, or obtaining any information concerning her, that he conjectured ſhe might be married, or have fallen a prey to her indiſpoſition, and be no longer an inhabitant of the earth. Theſe were ſuch diſtreſſing conſiderations, that he thought to know even the worſt, would be a lighter evil than to remain in the torture of ſuſpenſe.

With wild palpitations of heart he reached the confines of Lorton Houſe. The trees and ſhrubs were grown ſo high and luxuriant, as to encompaſs the lawn in a thick and verdant grove. He ſaw the ſmoke aſcending in wreathes from the chimney in the calm of a beautiful evening. He approached the gate leading to the lawn, and found it open; and advancing found the hall door open likewiſe. He ſtopped and liſtened, but

but could hear no ſound; twice did he knock loudly and impatiently, but no perſon appeared. He ſtood in ſuſpenſe and agitation, and his mind preſaged ſome misfortune. He advanced into the hall, but on finding no one there, he ventured into the adjoining parlour. In the well-known corner ſtood Emily's forte-piano, and upon it lay her muſic books. Here he ſtood as if entranced; he imagined he heard her playing, and her lovely form gleamed in a bright viſion before his fancy.

For ſome time he indulged this pleaſing reverie, and at laſt ſtarting, as from a dream, he advanced into the kitchen, where he found the old houſekeeper deaf and infirm; but ſhe recollected him perfectly well. On his eagerly inquiring after the family—"You muſt know," ſaid ſhe, "that no longer ago than yeſterday morning, the Colonel, Mrs. Mapleton and Miſs Emily ſet off for London; for what particular reaſon they are gone, I cannot tell; but my maſter ſeemed troubled in mind, he walked about the parlour in a hurried manner all the afternoon,

and got little or no ſleep, as he ſaid, for the laſt night he was at home: as for Miſs Emily, ſhe did nothing but cry, poor girl, till her eyes were ſo ſwelled ſhe could ſcarcely ſee."

This account ſeemed very myſterious to Edward, and the abſence of the family was a very ſevere diſappointment; he conſoled himſelf, however, with thinking that his father could explain every circumſtance to him.

When he reached the Rectory houſe, he found his father repoſing in an arbour in his garden, to enjoy the refreſhing coolneſs of the evening. His eyes were grown dim, and it was with difficulty he could diſcern any object whatever. A little boy, the ſon of a cottager, was reading to him the Pſalms and Leſſons for the following Sunday, preparatory to the duty of the day, as, with the aſſiſtance of his clerk, he could go through the reſt of the ſervice. The old man roſe, on hearing the footſteps of a ſtranger: as ſoon as Edward ſpoke, he inſtantly recogniſed his voice, but could not diſtinguiſh his features.

"Thanks

"Thanks to a gracious Providence," ſaid he, embracing Edward, "I again welcome you, my long-loſt ſon!—to ſee you would be too great a bleſſing—after enjoying this delight of your return, I ſhall die contented!—Are you in ſound health, or have you ſuffered by change of climate?—What news of our good friend, Captain Wallis?—Are he and his brave crew ſafe and ſound, and is the flag of the Britiſh Navy in every ſea triumphant?" Thus, with a curioſity quickened by affection and patriotiſm, he aſked a hundred queſtions, without giving his ſon time to anſwer them.

The proſpect from the garden was fine; the ſun was gilding the tops of the mountains with his departing beams; the weſtern clouds were tinged with gold and crimſon; the landſcape was mellowed by a ſoft aerial tint, at that point of time when the twilight was approaching, and the lake, ſmooth and ſhadowy, was lovely to the ſight.

To the venerable Dr. Marriot this fair face of nature was grown a blank. His eyes, which had beheld the ſurrounding beauties

beauties of nature with delight for many years, were now nearly ſightleſs; the pleaſures ariſing from ſuch external objects were flown; his enjoyments were *now* of *another* kind, contemplative and intellectual, ſpringing from the pure ſources of cheerfulneſs and reſignation: his mind was lulled with the beſt tranquillity, and illumined by the brighteſt hope that can leſſen the infirmities of old age—with tranquillity ariſing from ſelf-gratulation on having paſſed a blameleſs and a uſeful life; and with hope of embracing his darling ſon, of hearing him praiſed for the virtues he had foſtered in his breaſt—and of partaking with him their recompenſe in a world to come.

Edward, ſeated by his ſide, made a full acknowledgment of his attachment to Emily, requeſted his approbation of his choice, and proved how deſerving he was of it by the ſacrifice he had made of love to duty, by quitting England at his requeſt. He likewiſe informed him of having gained a handſome ſhare of prize-money, and of his intimacy

macy with Baron Belfeld, who had given him repeated aſſurances that he would make him independent for life.

"Deareſt father," he added, "this proſpect, however flattering, cannot equal the tranſport I ſhall feel when alleviating the burthen of your declining age by every means in my power; truly happy I can only be, if I ſhare with you all the good fortune I now poſſeſs, and that which Providence may hereafter beſtow."

Dr. Marriot could give his ſon little information as to the reaſons for Colonel Lorton's ſudden departure from home; but he told him ſome particulars that had lately occurred to make a material and moſt unpleaſant change in his circumſtances. A merchant, to whom the Colonel ſold a large quantity of corn, had failed in his debt; and he had been obliged to pay a conſiderable ſum for a neighbouring farmer, for whom he had given ſecurity. Dr. Marriot conjectured, from ſome particulars the Colonel had told him, that he had ſet off for London,

London, in conſequence of letters received from Mrs. Wilſon. Anxious to ſecure his company, he adviſed Edward to wait the return of the Colonel; but as he was never leſs inclined to yield to his father's ſuggeſtions, than at this time, he left him with aſſurances of a ſpeedy return: he then haſtened back to the Baron, and informed him of the urgency of the caſe; and the Baron, always inclined to pleaſe Edward, was the more ready to comply with his preſent requeſt, as by going to London he had an opportunity to treat perſonally with the agents for the ſale of his German eſtates.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIX.

Detected Malice, hide thy guilty bluſhes
In deepeſt ſhades, nor dare approach the light;
For Scorn will point his conſtant finger at thee,
And Juſtice laſh thee with his ſcorpion ſcourge.

A.

THE day before the return of Edward Marriot to his native village, Colonel Lorton had gone with Emily and Mrs. Mapleton to London, to endeavour to compromiſe his affairs with Mrs. Wilſon.

The reader is reminded that in Chap. xxx. mention is made of the Colonel's obſervations on the forged letter relating to the death of Edward Marriot. Some particulars are here ſtated which led to the diſcovery of its malevolent author. After Emily's return from London, ſhe took great pleaſure in

in ſhowing her aunt all the books, papers and preſents ſhe had brought home with her. Among her letters were ſeveral from the Knight; and her aunt remarked, that ſhe had ſeen the hand-writing of ſome of them before. Emily expreſſed ſurprize at this obſervation, and ſaid ſhe muſt be miſtaken. Mrs. Mapleton was ſtill confident, and at laſt, on recollecting herſelf, ſaid, ſhe was poſitive that the letter received by Dr. Marriot, containing the fatal news of the death of his ſon, was written in the ſame hand. Fortunately the Doctor had preſerved the letter; it was produced, compared with ſome ſent by the Knight to Emily, which, in fact, were written by one of his ſervants, and not the ſlighteſt doubt remained upon the minds of the Colonel, Emily, Mrs. Mapleton, and Dr. Marriot, as to the ſource from which all their late miſery had flowed.

The diſcovery produced different emotions, according to their different tempers. Mrs. Mapleton was warm with empaſſioned reſentment, Emily ſhed tears, Dr. Marriot

expreſſed his aſtoniſhment that there could be ſo much villainy in the world; the great mind of the Colonel was moved—he ſaid little, but determined to puniſh the Knight for his cruel artifice, whenever an opportunity ſhould occur.

Such an occaſion preſented itſelf the firſt time the Colonel called on Mrs. Wilſon. At her houſe, and in her company, he found Sir Lionel. In an embarraſſed manner Mrs. Wilſon, conſcious of her miſconduct, introduced theſe gentlemen to each other. The Colonel, with his accuſtomed politeneſs, firſt paid his reſpects to Mrs. Wilſon, and then addreſſed himſelf to the confuſed and agitated Knight.

"Sir," ſaid the Colonel in a firm tone, ſteadily fixing his eyes upon him, "I am happy in thus meeting you, as it gives me an opportunity of calling upon you for an explanation of an affair which has cauſed no ſmall diſtreſs in my neighbourhood. Perhaps you may think it no derogation from the character of a gentleman to ſport with the

the feelings of others, and call artifice to the aid of malevolence; but I aſſure you I intend to convince you that I hold a very different opinion."

"Sir—Sir—I really don't know—can't imagine—or comprehend—what you mean."

"Then, Sir," ſaid the Colonel, raiſing his voice, and approaching a ſtep or two nearer, "I will aſſiſt your faculties a little to ſolve this enigma—perhaps the letter I hold in my hand may enliven your recollection." At theſe words he produced the forged letter, opened it, and held it in ſuch a manner that Sir Lionel could read it, without having it in his power to ſnatch it from his hands.

"Do you know this hand-writing, Sir?" ſaid the Colonel.

"No—no—upon my honour, Colonel Lorton, I do not."

"Then, Sir, give me leave to ſay, that I do not believe you. There are the ſtrongeſt proofs that you *do* know every thing that relates to this letter: I hardly want the evidence I could bring to convince me of the

juſtneſs of my ſuſpicions, for your manner and your looks give a flat contradiction to your aſſertions."

"Sir," replied the Knight, "this is ſuch language as no gentleman can put up with—Sir, if you mean to inſult me, I ſhall call you to an account."

"By theſe expreſſions I ſuppoſe, Sir," retorted the Colonel, "you wiſh me to underſtand, after you have nearly broken the heart of my deareſt friend, Dr. Marriot, and diſturbed the peace of all our neighbourhood, you are eager to complete your atrocity by provoking me to fight a duel, and wiſh to run me through the body, or ſhoot me through the head."

Here Mrs. Wilſon interpoſed: ſhe was terrified, as ſhe well knew the reſolute ſpirit of the Colonel, and ſhe was apprehenſive too of her own detection—"For heaven's ſake," ſaid ſhe, "gentlemen, ceaſe theſe high words, and carry this quarrel no farther:—Colonel, how can you ſuppoſe my worthy friend, the Knight, would be guilty of ſuch a trick—

trick—you must have been most grosly misinformed."

At these words the Knight took courage—"Sir," said he, "you asperse my character; I am certain Mrs. Wilson and every body must think so; I shall insist upon satisfaction—yes, Sir, the satisfaction of a gentleman."

"Then, Sir," replied the Colonel, "I am to understand that you give me a challenge."

"Yes—sword or pistols must settle this business."

"These are," said the Colonel firmly, "the weapons of a soldier, and not of an assassin, as I look upon a man who fights a duel to be. I never fought a duel, nor do I intend ever to do so; for I abhor the practice as absurd and unchristian like. If I draw my sword, I do so to defend the laws, not to break them. This wound," pointing to his forehead, "and others received in many a severe campaign, can be witness to the truth of my assertions.—But why do I parley so long with you? My remonstrances

monſtrances are of no avail, unleſs I could awaken you to remorſe, and lead you to make reparation for your baſe conduct. I ſmile at your threats, and I defy the effects of your malice. You ſee you are detected, Sir; and if you do not inſtantly promiſe to write a letter of the humbleſt apology to Dr. Marriot, I will cane you in the firſt public place I meet you, and poſt you in all parts of London as a conſummate ——."

Here Mrs. Wilſon, with increaſed agitation, again interpoſed, and begged the Knight to accede to the Colonel's propoſal, as he looked ſo ſternly, and ſpoke with ſuch reſolution, as if going to proceed immediately to the execution of his threat; and the Knight turned pale, and trembled ſo much that ſhe thought he would have fainted.

No great intreaty was neceſſary on the part of Mrs. Wilſon, as the manly firmneſs of the Colonel had completely diſarmed the vapouring pretenſions of the Knight. He was now as ſubmiſſive as he had before been arrogant: with a ſhaking hand he wrote the letter,

letter, and Colonel Lorton peremptorily declared, that if he ever met him in the ſtreets of London, he would cane him publicly, in defiance of his threats of ſword and piſtol.

Sir Lionel retired with ſhame and diſgrace: when he reflected on the ridiculous figure he had made in the duel he had formerly fought, and thought that the Colonel would certainly inflict the chaſtiſement he had threatened, he judged, like Falſtaff, that "the better part of valour is diſcretion," and therefore gave up all thoughts of ſending a challenge. He took great care to keep out of the Colonel's way, and avoided every place where there was the ſlighteſt probability of their meeting. His conſciouſneſs of guilt increaſed his natural timidity, his fancy was haunted with a thouſand fears; as he walked the ſtreets, he often looked back to ſee if the Colonel was purſuing him, and he ſtarted from his dreams by night, rouſed by the horrid phantoms of Dr. Marriot and his ſon aſſailing him with threatening aſpects, and uplifted arms.

CHAP.

CHAP. XL.

—— —— —— —— Valour ſoars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction;
Theſe are not ills, elſe would they never fall
On Heaven's firſt favourites, and the beſt of men:
The Gods in bounty work up ſtorms about us,
That give mankind occaſion to exert
Their hidden ſtrength, and throw out into practice
Virtues, that ſhun the day, and lie conceal'd,
In the ſmooth ſeaſons, and the calms of life.

ADDISON'S CATO.

ALTHOUGH Sir Lionel Wager took great pains to conceal himſelf during the whole time Colonel Lorton continued in London, and changed his lodgings to a leſs conſpicuous ſtreet, his active creditors found out his abode, conſtantly beſieged his door, and teized

teized him inceſſantly for money. He was thus obliged to ſolicit Mrs. Wilſon with much importunity. That lady knew enough of the laws to be ſatisfied, that he could not recover his demand in a Court of Juſtice, ſtill ſhe conſidered, that if ſhe was talked of as a defaulter in a debt of honour, ſhe ſhould loſe all credit in the faſhionable world. She had no other reſource in this difficulty, than to be urgent with Colonel Lorton, upon whom ſhe had a legal and undoubted claim for the money ſhe had lent him. Several letters had paſſed upon the ſubject, and they had ſome interviews, which tended rather to irritate the parties, than to ſettle the buſineſs; the lady was violent and haughty, the gentleman was calm and dignified; at laſt, however, Mrs. Wilſon condeſcended to explain to the Colonel the reaſon for her importunity, and told him, if he would prevail upon his daughter to marry the Knight, the affair might be ſettled in an amicable manner; but if not, the law muſt take its courſe,

and

and ſhe ſhould inſtruct her attorney to do his duty, and arreſt him for the debt.

Regardleſs of this menacing alternative, the Colonel continued firm and inflexible: to whatever diſtreſs he might be driven, he diſdained to encourage the thought of purchaſing his own eaſe at the expenſe of his daughter's happineſs. There was only one expedient left to extricate him from his difficulty, and that was to ſell his eſtate: but yet how mortifying was ſuch a ſacrifice to his neceſſities—to part with his patrimony, the endeared domains of his anceſtors, upon which he had expended not only a large ſum of money, but the moſt precious years, the diligence and attention of a great portion of his life, and this eſtate muſt be ſold for probably half its real value, that is barely enough to pay Mrs. Wilſon her debt. Thus he might indeed ſecure his daughter from matrimonial unhappineſs, but thus he muſt leave her a beggar!

The Colonel and his fair companions went to Mrs. Spark's houſe in London, by her

particular invitation and the preſſing requeſt of her daughter, the Counteſs of Malmaiſon. It is to be remembered, that the Count had cruelly left this lady, after he was ordered to quit the kingdom, without taking leave, or even writing to her. This inſenſibility deeply affected her, for ſhe truly loved him. Thus deſerted, ſhe found herſelf very awkwardly circumſtanced: ſhe was a wife, and yet was deprived of the ſociety of her huſband; ſhe had a title, once the great object of her wiſhes, and now if ſhe aſſumed it, ſhe ran the riſk of expoſing herſelf to cenſure and ridicule. She ſhunned company, and yet in ſolitude her once favourite novels had loſt their reliſh, and no longer gave any pleaſure. Her love, her ambition had received the deepeſt wounds; in vain did her mother endeavour to comfort and amuſe her; diſappointment preyed upon her mind, and every day made greater inroads upon her health. Her conſtitution ſunk under this malady, and ſhe fell into a rapid decline. Neglected as had been her education, indulged

dulged and uncontrolled her temper, and frivolous her purſuits, ſtill her feelings of her preſent degraded ſituation were moſt acute, and ſhe was much more an object of pity than cenſure.

The arrival of Emily in town gave the Counteſs an opportunity of unburthening her mind to one, whom ſhe dearly loved. After her feelings had been ſomewhat relieved by a flood of tears, ſhe addreſſed Emily in the following manner.

"My deareſt friend!—I am fully convinced, that my continuance in this vain world will be very ſhort: conſider me as the victim of indiſcretion and weakneſs, but not of guilt. Of much of my miſconduct, my too indulgent mother has been the cauſe. I now can clearly ſee her error and my own: by making me at too early an age my own miſtreſs, ſhe abandoned me to the caprice of my own temper, and the folly of my own heart.—Alas! I ſink oppreſſed by their effects; accept this miniature of the man who deluded and deſerted me: he was

ſurely

ſurely undeſerving of my regard; and yet, if he were now preſent to plead his own cauſe, I know not that I could condemn him, or deny him forgiveneſs. Remember me in your prayers, and when you ſhall hear any perſon throw reflections upon my conduct, let me, I earneſtly entreat, find zealous advocates in your benevolence and friendſhip."

A few days ended her ſorrows with her life, and her loſs affected Emily with all the generous feelings of affection natural to her amiable diſpoſition and goodneſs of heart.

Early on the morning, after the Baron and his friend arrived in London, Edward Marriot went to Mrs. Sparks's houſe. On coming into the ſquare, he ſaw a conſiderable crowd collected; he inquired the cauſe, and was told that a funeral proceſſion was coming that way. On walking forward, he ſaw a herſe and mourning coaches at Mrs. Sparks's door. The proceſſion was beginning ſlowly to move, and the plumes of the herſe waved

waved ſolemnly in the wind. His heart ſunk within him at the ſight, and he remained motionleſs and diſmayed. The ſolemn train paſſed by him, and what were his forebodings when he ſaw Mrs. Mapleton and Colonel Lorton in one of the coaches. He conjectured the very worſt calamity that could affect himſelf: he could hardly ſtand, and with difficulty reached a ſhop. The ſhopkeeper very humanely, on ſeeing his extreme agitation, offered him a ſeat and refreſhments, and ſent as ſoon as he had made his wiſhes known, to inquire whoſe funeral it was. The meſſenger was ſome time before he returned, and the minutes he delayed were hours of agony to Edward. When he came back he reported, that it was the funeral of a young married lady.

"Alas!" exclaimed Edward, "was it for this, the ſaddeſt of all ſcenes, I have lived to reviſit my native country? Would I had periſhed on the ſands of Egypt, or been ſwallowed by the roaring ſea, ere I had beheld this wretched day!"

The

The humane ſhopkeeper ſent his ſervant to Mrs. Sparks's houſe to obtain certain information. The meſſenger ſoon returned, and told him that it was the funeral of the Counteſs Malmaiſon, and that the Colonel and Mrs. Mapleton had attended it as friends of the family. He added, that Miſs Emily Lorton was dangerouſly ill.

Her attendance on her friend the Counteſs had increaſed her former indiſpoſition, and ſhe was pronounced by her phyſician to be in an alarming ſtate of danger.

Edward recovered his ſpirits ſufficiently to call upon the Colonel. When he ſent in his name, it was moſt favourably received, and they met with mutual delight. The Colonel appeared much older, the wrinkles of care furrowed his face, his hair was turned grey; he was pale and very grave in his deportment. He was ſo much changed from the cheerful and lively character Edward once remembered him, that he could not help inquiring the cauſe of this ſtrange alteration with the moſt friendly ſolicitude.

Struck

Struck with the anxious and earneſt manner of his inquiries, the Colonel related to him all the particulars of his embarraſſed circumſtances, thinking he might with the greateſt ſafety repoſe this confidence in the worthy ſon of his friend Dr. Marriot.

The generous heart of Edward was affected by various feelings—by ſympathy for the diſtreſſes of the revered father of Emily, and by the ſtronger and more violent emotions of indignation.—"What ſordid, what hard-hearted wretches," exclaimed he, "are Mrs. Wilſon and Sir Lionel—how do I wiſh to reproach the one, and chaſtiſe the other!"

"Alas!" ſaid the Colonel, "although your generous warmth in my ſervice does honour to your feelings of friendſhip, any reſentment ſhown to them would be more likely to haſten, than to prevent my ruin. Nor are they the only cauſes of my misfortunes: I labour under the weight of accumulated diſtreſs; I am the victim of my confidence in others. The merchant to whom

whom I sold my corn, is a bankrupt, and I find, since I came to London, he cannot pay me a shilling—and the farmer, for whom I was bound, has absconded, and I must be answerable for his debt. Thus embarrassed as I am, a prison is inevitable. But I know the worst *personal* evils that can be inflicted upon me, and for them I am prepared; neither the distress of poverty, nor even the disgrace of a gaol, will give me intolerable pain; for I feel strong in my reliance on that Great Being, who encourages me to call upon him in the time of trouble; and he will surely be the more inclined to listen to my prayers,—for when I enjoyed his bounty in the sunshine of prosperity, I did not forget my duty. No—no, it cannot be, Edward—He will not leave me comfortless, clouded although I am by misfortunes, and degraded in the opinion of the world."

Here he paused, and walked about the room with hurried steps; a tear stole down

his manly cheek, he wiped it off, and another followed, and he ſeemed to labour with thoughts too painful for utterance. "There is," reſumed he, ſpeaking as if he drew his breath with difficulty, "a part in which I am vulnerable—my daughter Emily—my beſt beloved—the ſweet pledge of eternal affection left me by her mother, now a ſaint in heaven: Oh! what agony is reſerved for me, if ſhe muſt be involved in the diſtreſs of her father, and be doomed, while endeavouring to alleviate his ſorrows, to ſink under her preſent indiſpoſition, increaſed as it will certainly be, by the diſtreſs of the moſt affectionate heart that ever warmed a daughter's breaſt. O Edward, my wants, my impriſonment, even, my death, will be a luxury compared to the torture of ſurviving *her*."

That firm and intrepid mind, that had often enabled the Colonel to hear the cannon of battle without diſmay, and even behold death ſpread its ravages among his brave companions

companions in war, was overpowered by the recollection of his only child—his ſick and friendleſs daughter!!

Recovering a more reſolute tone of voice, he proceeded. "But I muſt ſubmit to whatever may happen, for it is the duty of a Chriſtian to learn patience from him, who even died to exemplify that virtue. Aſſiſt me then, I conjure you, who are the Miniſter of that holy Religion, now almoſt my only remaining ſolace, to make the triumph of reſignation complete over adverſity and the infirmities of human nature!"

Edward wiſhed, as ſoon as the Colonel mentioned the name of Emily, to interrupt him; but his judgment very properly checked his inclination. As ſoon as the Colonel ſtopped, after thus ſhowing the ſenſibility of his heart, and the energy of his principles, which no diſtreſs could ſhake, Edward inquired moſt anxiouſly for Emily. Her father confirmed his fears, by aſſuring him, ſhe continued very ill, and muſt be very

cautiouſly prepared, before an interview with him could be riſked; as her ſpirits were ſo depreſſed, that an abrupt viſit might be attended even with the moſt fatal conſequences.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLI.

Wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than ſtamps in gold, or ſums in ſealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyſelf,
That now I aim at — — —

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

EMILY's phyſician, a man of acuteneſs and experience, ſoon diſcovered that her malady was in her mind, and he took every method to remove it. He had heard of her attachment to Edward, and of his return; yet, from ſeveral hints which Emily had thrown out, he found it was her fixed opinion, that ſome diſaſter had befallen him, and ſhe ſhould never more behold him. The Colonel truſted to the addreſs of this judicious

ſon

ſon of Eſculapius to cure her of this deeply rooted perſuaſion.

The phyſician began a converſation with Emily by informing her, that he had heard from a family of high rank whom he attended, an account of the unexpected return of a perſon from abroad, ſuppoſed by all his relations to be dead. The circumſtances of the ſtory were theſe:—After one of the unfortunate battles in the late expedition of the Engliſh army to the Helder Point, in Holland, the name of Captain B— of the —— regiment was returned in the liſt of the killed. His family received the melancholy tidings under the authority of the Gazette, and his mother and all his relatives went into mourning for him. About ſix months after, his mother, who lived in London, was informed, that a ſtranger wiſhed to ſee her; and imagine what muſt be her feelings of aſtoniſhment and joy to diſcover, when this viſitor made his appearance, that he was her ſon! She fainted in his arms, and her frame was ſhook with ſuch agitation at

at this moſt unexpected meeting, that it was a long time before ſhe recovered any degree of her former compoſure.

The truth was, Captain B— had been badly wounded, but yet had ſufficient ſtrength remaining to crawl behind a ſand hill, where he lay till a party of Dutch troops came up, and very humanely conveyed him to one of their hoſpitals. One of the Dutch officers recollected him. He had before the war been acquainted with his family at Amſterdam; thither he conveyed Captain B—, and took care of him, till he was ſufficiently recovered to be exchanged, and returned to England.

"Now, Miſs Lorton," ſaid the Phyſician, "if any particular friend of your's was to return, I hope you would be better prepared for his arrival, and would receive him with more firmneſs than the mother of Captain B— received her ſon."

"Alas!" replied Emily, "I fear the improbability of the return of my friend is even greater than that was of Captain B—."

"You

"You will not think ſo," replied the phyſician, "when I tell you, that a veſſel lately arrived at Plymouth from Malta, and has brought ſeveral paſſengers—how can you tell who theſe paſſengers may be?"

He purſued the ſubject no farther at that time, but on paying the next viſit, he revived it, and aſſured her—that her friend, Edward Marriot, was actually arrived in England; and finding ſhe had ſufficient firmneſs to bear the information, he proceeded to tell her, that he was in London, and ſhe might ſee him whenever ſhe pleaſed.

"Trifles light as air may be to the jealous confirmations ſtrong as proofs of holy writ;" —but the heart that has long been the ſport of uncertainty and the victim of diſappointment, is apt to create difficulties, and diſtruſts the foundation even of the cheriſhed and darling hope, which it moſt ardently wiſhes to realize. Emily could only be perſuaded to credit the Doctor's flattering report upon the additional evidences of her father, and Mrs. Mapleton.

Thus

Thus was her mind familiarized to the ſubject of Edward's return, and ſhe was gradually prepared for an interview with him.

At an appointed hour, which Edward anticipated by a conſiderable time, they met. He was in the room converſing with the Colonel and the Phyſician, when Emily, ſupported by Mrs. Mapleton and Mrs. Sparks, came down ſtairs. Her convaleſcence advancing ſlowly towards health reſembled winter ſtill lingering on the approach, and giving the promiſe of ſpring; the delicate roſe began to tinge her cheek, and the luſtre of their former ſweet expreſſion was returning to her eyes.

But the occaſion was too overpowering for her weakly conſtitution and fluctuating ſpirits. The moment ſhe was told Edward was waiting to ſee her, ſhe was ſeized with a ſudden tremour; yet endeavouring to be reſolute, with faltering ſteps ſhe ſlowly advanced into the drawing-room. He was almoſt as much agitated, and could hardly

think what was paſſing a reality. She ventured to raiſe her eyes, and gazed upon him with an angelic benignity. "My dear Miſs Lorton," ſaid he, haſtily approaching, and taking her hand—His voice awakened all her feelings of affection. The tumult of her ſpirits ceaſed to be violent, it ſubſided into tenderneſs, and ſhe was relieved by a flood of tears. When juſt relapſing into agitation, and ready to ſink, ſhe found herſelf in the arms of him, who poſſeſſed every claim to her affection,—as her faithful friend,—her brave preſerver,—her long loſt lover.

Amid the various occaſions upon which the emotions of the human heart are excited and diſplayed; can any one be found more honourable to human nature, or more intereſting to the benevolent mind, than ſuch an one as this. The meeting of a virtuous pair, for years attached to each other from conſiderations of the higheſt perſonal merit, after a long abſence, during which the obſtacles which originally impeded their union ſeemed to be conſiderably increaſed,

was ſuch an occurrence as, it may be preſumed, propitious Heaven ſmiles upon with peculiar favour. Edward and Emily confeſſed, that it was no ſmall compenſation for the ſorrows of tedious abſence: it ſeemed to compriſe the felicity of years in the compaſs of an hour.

Edward ſoon after obtained a private interview with Emily. "Now," ſaid he, "is come the criſis of fortune, whatever painful ſenſations it may give me with reſpect to your father, it cannot fail to delight me, as it relates to you. How often have I wiſhed, moſt angelic of your ſex, that if I could not riſe to an equality with you, your fortune might ſink to a level with mine. I can now give you a ſubſtantial proof, that I love you for yourſelf alone.—Length of time, abſence, variety of objects, and even the change in your circumſtances, far from diſſolving, have confirmed my attachment. Let me give you the moſt convincing proof of it, by propoſing our immediate marriage; and

and if we cannot remove the preſſure of your father's misfortunes, we ſhall be better able by our combined endeavours to alleviate them: ſurely, I cannot be leſs dear, or leſs uſeful to *him*, when united by the moſt tender of all ties to *you*."

"Convinced, fully convinced," replied Emily, without heſitation, "as I am of the ardour, and ſtill more of the conſtancy of your attachment, I cannot, under the preſent circumſtances, conſent to your propoſal. Wait, I conjure you, ſome time longer: my father's diſtreſs precludes all other conſiderations, even thoſe that are truly dear to my heart. Urge me not to do, what it is painful to deny. Heaven," added ſhe, throwing up her ardent eyes that ſtreamed with tears, "may ſtill befriend thoſe who, with inceſſant diligence, ſolicit its protection, and endeavour to ſacrifice every conſideration to the performance of their duty."

Totally ignorant of the time that had elapſed during this interview, Edward judged it

it better not to diſtreſs her by farther ſolicitation, and on obtaining her permiſſion ſoon to ſee her again, he returned to the Baron. His heart was too full for diſguiſe or ſecrecy; he told his friend of all that had paſſed—of his unaltered love for Emily, and her father's various embarraſſments. The Baron was moved—He eagerly inquired what was the amount of the Colonel's debt to Mrs. Wilſon.

"Happy ſhall I be," ſaid he, "to lend, or to make him a preſent of the ſum he wants; but I muſt be cautious in what manner the propoſal is made, leſt I offend the delicacy of his feelings, while I endeavour to relieve his diſtreſs. You muſt introduce me to him, and I will take an early opportunity of waiting upon him, as I do not wiſh he ſhould firſt call upon me; for, however ready he may be to pay me ſuch a compliment, I think that more than uſual reſpect and deference are due to a gentleman of his noble mind when in diſtreſs.

distress. Possibly out of our acquaintance may arise an opportunity that will authorise me to render him that service as a friend, which it would be impertinent in me to offer as a stranger."

CHAP.

CHAP. XLII.

———The ſhadowy viſions of paſt days
Croud on my ſoul; methinks that deep-ton'd voice
Sounds like ſweet muſic, that erſt charm'd my ear:
Thy noble port, and manly lineaments
I trace, as once familiar to my eyes:
But Time has ſpread his dark oblivious mantle,
And dimm'd remembrance.——— A.

When Edward introduced the Baron to Colonel Lorton, the latter received him with diſtant politeneſs, and without noticing him in any particular manner: But the Baron ſurveyed the Colonel with great attention, and felt a ſtrange agitation ariſing in his mind, and a great curioſity to converſe freely with him, and make ſome minute and particular inquiries.

"I under-

"I underſtand, Sir," ſaid the Baron, "that your ſituation in the army led you to viſit various places abroad: were you ever at Malta, where I have paſſed ſo many years of my life?" "No, Sir," replied the Colonel, "I was never farther up the Mediterranean than Naples: I was there with another officer of our regiment for a ſhort time, twenty years ago—that is—let me recollect—it was in the ſummer of 1782."

"What regiment was your's?" aſked the Baron. "It was," replied the Colonel, "the 39th, then ſtationed at Gibraltar, and commanded by Sir Robert Boyd, afterwards Governor of that garriſon. We obtained leave of abſence to make an excurſion, and took our paſſage in a polacca that was going to the Coaſt of Italy, and we proceeded as far as Naples—It was, I think, in the month of September."

"This is extraordinary," exclaimed the Baron, "for in the very month of the year you mention, I was there too.—Yes—it was in 1782, as you mention—the ſummer before

the

the earthquakes in Calabria. Did any thing remarkable happen, during your ſtay at Naples?"

"Yes!" replied the Colonel with a ſigh, "the ſcar which you ſee in my cheek, and which I ſhall probably carry to my grave, can witneſs for me, that ſomething very remarkable *did* happen to me *there*. The evening before we left Naples, as I and my brother Officer were walking in the Strada de Toledo, we ſaw a Cavalier attacked by bravos: we ran up to the place, and interfered in his defence: from one of the villains I received a cut in my cheek; but I made him pay the forfeit of his life for the wound. His companions immediately fled. The Cavalier had been ſtruck to the ground; his face was beſmeared with blood, and he was badly wounded: we were happy in bearing him to a place of ſafety, and—"

"Let me aſk you one queſtion," ſaid the Baron, interrupting the Colonel's narrative with eagerneſs—"Did the Cavalier give you

any memento of his gratitude?" "He did," replied the Colonel;—"it was a beautiful antique ring of a lion ſet in gold, with the initials of his name cut in the back part: I value it highly, and always wear it with my ſeals—See, here it is," ſaid he, taking out his watch, and ſhowing the ring.

Surprize, doubt, and joy were alternately depicted in the Baron's expreſſive face. He looked by turns at the Colonel, and then at the ring, which he recogniſed beyond a doubt to have been his own. The exact agreement of the *time* and *place* where he was aſſaulted and dangerouſly wounded, in the *manner* and by the *perſons* the Colonel deſcribed; and the recollection of the *figure*, the *voice*, and the *face* of his preſerver were ſuch ſtrong and accumulated proofs, that diſmiſſing all doubts upon a ſubject, which every circumſtance concurred to eſtabliſh—

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed he, "how myſterious are thy ways!—I am—I am that very Cavalier, whoſe life you ſaved."

Saying

Saying theſe words, he folded the Colonel, who felt equal conviction, and ſimilar emotions of joy, in his arms.

"O, my brave preſerver;" exclaimed the Baron, "is it you—can it be you—whom I embrace? For what happineſs has Providence preſerved me! When I was ſufficiently recovered from my wounds, how anxiouſly did I inquire for you in Naples; but you were not to be found. I wrote repeatedly to my friends at Gibraltar, but in vain: they could only learn, at leaſt they only informed me, that you had quitted the army, and no ſearch could find you in the remote province of England, in which you were ſettled."

"Sir," ſaid the Colonel, "the wound I received in defending you, added to one before given me in battle, had ſuch an effect upon my health, that my quitting the army was rendered indiſpenſably neceſſary. I ſold my commiſſion, returned to England, married, and ſettled in Cumberland: I was

thus so completely cut off from all my former military connections, and so secluded from the world, that I am not surprized your kind inquiries failed so completely to find me."

"That you did not take equal pains," said the Baron, "to find me out, I am not much surprized; for it is the part of the truly generous man to forget the favour he bestows. May it be the part of the obliged ever to remember it with feelings of unceasing gratitude! How ought I to venerate that country, to whose natives I have been twice indebted for my life. Here is the generous youth," pointing to Edward Marriot, "who saved me from the flames at Malta. How can I ever return this double debt of obligation? Although I think myself obliged, beyond my power of making any full, any adequate return—*Yet there is a mode*, continued he, putting his hand to his forehead, and deliberating a moment or two —"there certainly is a mode, by which I

can make my acknowledgements to you both —you muſt then, my dear Colonel, excuſe a propoſal I am going to make, dictated by the delight I feel upon the preſent occaſion. I have been made fully acquainted with the cauſe of your journey to London, and with all your pecuniary diſtreſſes. Let no reſerve on your part deprive me of the greateſt pleaſure I can enjoy; but allow me to take ſuch meaſures as will ſave you from any inconvenience from the confidence you have repoſed in the farmer your neighbour, and your correſpondent the merchant; ſuffer me likewiſe to interpoſe my good offices between you and Mrs. Wilſon, ſo far as to reſcue injured integrity from the hands of oppreſſion. You muſt—you ought to conſent to accept my ſervices. Say but the word, and I will inſtantly cancel the obligation you are under to Mrs. Wilſon. You ſhall ceaſe to be her debtor, and for the future allow me the honour to call you mine."

Edward, Emily, and Mrs. Mapleton had remained ſilent and amazed ſpectators of this

this intereſting explanation and diſcovery. They cordially united with the Baron in overcoming the Colonel's objections to his propoſals, and had the pleaſure to be at laſt ſucceſsful.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIII.

———————The cruel tiger
Sports with the tortures of his captive kid;
But generous natures, not too proud of conqueſt,
Will ſcorn to trample on a proſtrate foe. A.

As the Baron felt not the ſlighteſt inclination, from the reports he heard of Mrs. Wilſon's character and conduct, to commence an acquaintance with her, he commiſſioned his friend Edward to wait upon her, and ſettle the payment of the Colonel's debt. Thus was Edward expoſed to the temptation of enjoying ſuch a triumph of ſuperiority as ſhe had once exerted over him, when ſhe thought the viſits of the ſon of a Cumberland Parſon impertinent and obtruſive. But nothing could

be

be leſs congenial with his feelings, or more contrary to his principles, than to take any advantage of the high ground upon which he was now placed: yet he entered the ſquare, in which Mrs. Wilſon's houſe was, with ſenſations far different from thoſe he once felt, when he was rudely diſmiſſed from the door by her expreſs orders. High in the eſteem both of the Baron and the Colonel, and ſtill more elated by the conſciouſneſs of his Emily's love, he haſtened with heart-felt delight, yet without the ſlighteſt degree of aſperity or arrogance, to execute his commiſſion.

On coming to Mrs. Wilſon's houſe, he was ſurprized to find the ſtreet door open, and a crowd of people aſſembled to attend an auction. The rooms were ſtripped of all their elegant furniture; every article, even the family pictures, were ſelling off at very inconſiderable prices. For ſome time he pauſed—reflecting with concern on this melancholy reverſe of fortune, but ſoon recovering from his meditation on the ſad and ruinous

ruinous effects of gaming and extravagance, he inquired of a perſon, who had the appearance of a ſheriff's officer, where Mrs. Wilſon was.

"Where ſhe deſerved to be long ago," replied the officer, in a ſurly tone; "don't you know ſhe was carried laſt week to the King's Bench, and you may take my word for it, ſhe will be ſome time before ſhe will find her way out again. Silly creature, ſhe took all her tradeſmen for flats, but ſome of them have been too ſharp for her: when ſhe was dunned by one, ſhe opened an account with another;—why, Sir, will you believe it, ſhe had three green-grocers, four butchers, as many bakers and cabinet-makers; and as for her milliners, ſhe had one in almoſt every genteel ſtreet. She was, to be ſure, what they call a lady of faſhion,—but give me honeſty in low life; many a better woman than Madam Wilſon has been ſent to gather ſimples in Botany Bay."

In this ſpeech there was not more ſeverity than truth. Edward made no reply to it, but

but hastened to the King's Bench prison, where the lady, who had so often denied herself, could not fail to be found at home. He was conducted to her dark and dismal apartment, a complete contrast to the airy and spacious mansion she had lately inhabited: he there found her divested of all appearances of fashion and splendour, attended only by one servant, and she seemed only alive to feelings of mortified pride, vexation, and resentment.

The impetuosity of her temper was instantly shown: the moment Edward appeared, without waiting to be informed of his business, she was so eager to have some person to listen to her complaints, after so long a seclusion from society, that she poured forth a torrent of invective.—She complained that the persons of fashion she had always treated as friends had deserted her, and that not one of them had interfered to rescue her from the hands of the villainous tradesmen who had confined her in this odious and disgraceful place.

She

She endeavoured to make it appear, by her artful misrepresentation, that every one was to blame, except herself. Edward could not be so deceived, yet he listened to her with respectful attention, and such complaisance induced her to repose confidence in him: she talked without reserve of her affairs—she complained much of the artifices of Sir Charles Wager, and insinuated he had not won her money fairly;—as for Colonel Lorton, she said he had acted like a simpleton, to say no worse of him, for he had thrown away her money upon his dirty acres, and never did she expect to receive either interest or principal, except by the law taking its course.

"Happy am I," said Edward, interrupting her, "to speak to you in a manner the most satisfactory upon *that point*. My friend, the Colonel, Madam, I assure you, is neither so injudicious, nor so destitute of resources, as you imagine: only order his bond to be given up, and the whole amount of the debt

ſhall be immediately paid to any perſon properly authorized to receive it."

For ſome minutes ſhe gave no credit to his aſſertions, as the propoſal was wholly new and unexpected: at laſt, giving way to his repeated and very ſerious aſſurances, that he was ſincere in all he had ſaid, ſhe called Edward her beſt friend, apologiſed, with no very good grace, for her former uncivil behaviour to him, and declared that if ſhe could eſcape from her preſent embarraſſments, ſhe would reform her courſe of life, and never more ſubject herſelf to the power of tradeſmen to oppreſs, gamblers to cheat, or falſe friends to flatter and deſert her.

The debt was paid by the Baron to Mrs. Wilſon's ſolicitor, the bond was cancelled, and the Colonel went through the legal formality of giving the Baron his bond for the amount of the ſum at legal intereſt. Edward and Emily attended the ceremony of ſigning and ſealing this inſtrument, and the Baron, as ſoon as he received it thus properly executed,

preſented

preſented it, with a look of the moſt cordial benignity, to Emily.—" Accept this, my charming young friend," ſaid he; " I wiſh to preſent the whole ſum to you, as your father, I am confident, cannot be indebted to anyone, who will make the obligation ſit lighter upon him, than yourſelf. Should you, however, fear that the preſervation of this paper will cauſe any uneaſy ſenſations in his mind, I beg you will conſider yourſelf at full liberty to diſpoſe of it in any manner you pleaſe, and do whatever you may, be aſſured of my approbation."

" Moſt generous of ſtrangers," replied Emily, " your kindneſs can only be equalled by the delicacy which directs it. If you are ſo ready to ſet a friend at liberty from the weight of obligation, how much more deſirous ſhould a daughter be to remove the ſolicitude of a father! Surely I do not miſtake your kind ſuggeſtion—Is it not *thus* you empower me to act?"

As ſhe pronounced theſe laſt words, ſhe looked firſt at the Baron, then, with more tender

tender ſignificancy, at Edward, who nodded aſſent with admiration and rapture mingled in his countenance—ſhe threw the bond into the fire, and the flames inſtantly conſumed it.

In a tranſport of joy Colonel Lorton raiſed his eyes and his hands to heaven, and moſt fervently expreſſed his thanks to the Almighty for ſuch a *daughter* and ſuch a *friend.*

"Well have you," ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to Emily, "who are the pride of my heart, repaid every obligation of duty and affection to your father.—O Belfeld," continued he to the Baron, "I only preſerved your life; you have done more for me—you have ſupplied me with the means of enjoying exiſtence among thoſe who are deareſt to my ſoul: my happineſs is centered in their's: you will therefore, I truſt, as you are the well tried and firm friend of us all, applaud my determination.—Dear Edward! Emily ſhall be your's, for you are truly worthy of each other. Your marriage will give

give me the greateſt pleaſure I can enjoy on this ſide the grave; for I ſhall ſee you, who are ſo truly worthy of each other, and whoſe hearts are ſo congenial,—after your long ſeparation and great anxieties, at laſt united by the moſt endearing of all ties."

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIV.

An elegant ſufficiency, content,
Retirment, rural quiet, friendſhip, books,
Eaſe, and alternate labour, uſeful life,
Progreſſive virtue, and approving heaven;
Theſe are the matchleſs joys of virtuous love.
THOMSON'S Spring.

THE morning diſtinguiſhed by Edward's marriage to Emily began a new era of happineſs to them, and to all their friends. None of the parties concerned were influenced by any prejudices with reſpect to the particular day of the week moſt fortunate or not for the ceremony to be performed, but thought the earlieſt day that could conveniently be fixed the beſt, and moſt likely to be propitious to their wiſhes.

The

The Baron gave Emily away, and ſhe never looked more enchantingly, than as a bride dreſſed in a robe of plain white muſlin, without any ornaments whatever. The happineſs of Edward and herſelf was too great for utterance; their hearts beſt could feel, and their looks beſt diſcover, that felicity, of which no words can convey an adequate expreſſion.

Mrs. Wilſon, by the ſum ſhe received from the Baronet, was enabled to ſettle with her creditors, and was freed from her impriſonment. She had the prudence to act conformably to her reſolutions: ſhe retired into the country, and lived upon a ſmall annuity ſaved from the wrecks of her fortune. Mrs. Sparks ſometimes viſited her, and they united in lamenting the prevalence of thoſe faſhionable follies, which had perverted the minds of them both, and been the ſources of their former unhappineſs.

Sir Lionel Wager made himſelf an object of ridicule and contempt by the trick he had played in attempting to gain Emily in

marriage. The Colonel proclaimed it every where, and it was ſoon the topic of general converſation, and as general cenſure. His circumſtances, by his continued gambling and diſſipation, were ſo reduced, that he was glad to obtain the ſmalleſt loan of money, or even a dinner, from any one of his acquaintance. This dependent mode of life, however, was of ſhort continuance, and at laſt, not knowing how to ſubſiſt in England, he took his paſſage to America. As he had never attracted notice but by his expenſive follies, as ſoon as the blaze of ſuch a meteor of extravagance was extinguiſhed, no one felt his loſs, or regretted his abſence.—He lived a profligate, and died unlamented in obſcurity.

Baron Belfeld purchaſed an eſtate in the pariſh adjoining to Lorton Houſe. His friendſhip for the Colonel was ſtrengthened by conſtant intercourſe; its flame burned with ſteady luſtre, and enlightened and cheared the cloſing years of their lives.—The Baron became intimate with Dr. Marriot, thinking him juſtly intitled to his higheſt

eſteem

eſteem for his exemplary conduct as a Clergyman. They frequently converſed upon religious ſubjects, and the Knight of Malta, candid and open to conviction as he was, felt the arguments of the Proteſtant Divine ſo cogent and concluſive, that he formally renounced the errors of his creed as a Papiſt, and regularly attended the Service of the Church of England.

It was whiſpered in the village, that he paid his addreſſes to Mrs. Mapleton: when the report reached the ears of that lady, ſhe ſmiled, and certainly did not contradict it.

Colonel Lorton had the ſatisfaction to behold in a few years the ſucceſs of his various ſchemes for improvements in agriculture. The care and the expenſe he had devoted to them, all anſwered his moſt ardent expectations. The trees he had planted, when he firſt came to reſide upon his eſtate, now covered the ſummits and ſlopes of many of the mountains with their thick and branching foliage. The meadows on the borders of the lake, which had formerly been worſe than

uſeleſs, and even dangerous to cattle, were rendered ſafe, dry, and highly productive, by his methods of draining them; and the increaſe of his crops of corn was fivefold greater than it had ever been before.

The peaſants of his village bleſſed him for his attention to the comforts of themſelves and their families; for from the ſtate of ragged reſidents in dirty hovels, they became well-clad inhabitants of neat and comfortable cottages, ſurrounded by fertile gardens. Content and cheerfulneſs were depicted in every face, and the mothers taught their children to liſp the praiſes of *Lorton the Good.*

Pleaſed as the Colonel was by the proſpect of ſucceſs thus crowning his judicious efforts of diligence and benevolence, he had ſtill higher gratifications in view. At his earneſt requeſt Edward and Emily made his houſe their place of reſidence, and aſſiſted him in the promotion of his agricultural plans. As the ſun of his life declined from its meridian, it purſued its courſe unclouded

clouded by misfortune, and the evening of his old age closed in serenity and peace. Edward and Emily were happy in a family of a son and two daughters. The Colonel embraced his grandchildren with delight, observed the mind of the boy gradually expand with the good sense and virtues of his father, and the girls, amiable and intelligent, reflected in their features the image of his beloved daughter.

Edward, following the useful steps of his father, but with enlarged means of doing good, acted as a magistrate, and undertook the care of a neighbouring church, not for the sake of emolument, but from a principle of duty; and he gladdened the hearts of the deserving poor by distributing the amount of his stipend among them.

Influenced by a similar motive, Emily established a school for the education of the indigent girls of the parish, and visited it as often as her domestic engagements would allow her. Surrounded by these objects of her maternal care, she resembled the beautiful

figure

figure of Charity in the painted window in Oxford—such were her angelic looks, softened by maternal solicitude, and directed to the delighted children that thronged around her.

The satisfaction of her father in owing his independence to the friend whose life he had saved,—the joy of that generous friend, and even the happiness of Emily herself, all seemed light and inconsiderable in comparison with the transport of Edward in possessing such a treasure as Emily, and being the object of her love.

Edward and Emily continued to live in retirement, satisfied with the competency of their fortune, and grateful to Providence for dangers escaped, and blessings enjoyed. Their years glided away in ease and tranquillity, and seldom did their steps, or even their wishes, wander far from their native vale. Well convinced by the plan successfully pursued in the early part of their own education, that the instructors who are most beloved by their pupils will prove the best upon the whole, they secured an unrivalled

claim to the affection of their children, by teaching them the principles of Religion and Learning themſelves. They inſpired their tender minds from their infancy with the firmeſt attachment to thoſe grand and beautiful ſcenes which ſurrounded their dwelling, and were calculated to animate them with the Love of Nature, of Freedom, and of Independence.

"Happy are we," ſaid Edward to his children, "to be placed by Providence in ſuch a rural retreat as this, free as it is from all the clamour, diſſipation, and unwholeſomeneſs of cities. Under the influence of this pure and invigorating atmoſphere, obedient to the rules of temperance, we may enjoy a long courſe of health, and extend the ſpace of life to a deſirable old age. Here the moſt ſublime works of God, continually preſented to our view, afford ſubjects for devout meditation, and ceaſeleſs gratitude. Here, too, the frugal diet, plain attire, and healthy appearance of the peaſants of the North may teach us this important leſſon—that the true reliſh of life

life is independent of ſituation, or any outward appearances—and here we may learn that the heart-felt and moſt ſincere pleaſures, thoſe that ariſe from affection, from religion, from uſeful occupations, and uſeful knowledge, lie within our reach, and are attainable without the gold of the wealthy, the pomp of the powerful, or the titles of the noble. Be aſſured that neither extravagance nor diſſipation; neither change of place, nor variety of objects, are eſſential to our well-being; and that if we cannot find uninterrupted enjoyment in our preſent ſtate, which is a world of probation, and therefore has briars as well as roſes growing in its paths, we may be confident, that our beſt endeavours to perform our reſpective duties will be rewarded hereafter in a world of the pureſt and moſt laſting bliſs."

THE END.

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